THE

TUTOR OF TRUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

THE

PUPIL OF PLEASURE, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

However Hypocriſy may flouriſh for a time, even its happieſt moments are clouded, and TRUTH ſhall at laſt prevail.

LONDON,

Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the *Royal Exchange*.

M DCC LXXIX.

1717.22.5

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TO

LADY MILLER,

OF

BATH-EASTON VILLA,

THESE

VOLUMES

ARE

INSCRIBED

By her moſt obedient, and

Obliged humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

A Work which is in the world, under the title of the PUPIL OF PLEASURE, exemplified that part of a *late celebrated ſyſtem*, which led immediately to voluptuouſneſs, hypocriſy, and ſeduction. It was, therefore, a faint mark for literary ridicule. The peculiar ſucceſs of my

 undertaking,

undertaking, and the general eſteem it ſtill maintains, (notwithſtanding the wilful, or the ignorant, perverſions of a few individuals, who affected to have their ſcruples concerning the character of *Sedley*) convince me, that I did not write in vain.

But, methinks, ſomething very eſſential yet remains to be done. There is a much *better*, as well as a much more *brilliant*, *ſyſtem* ſtill to be illuſtrated; the ſyſtem of integrity and TRUTH.

This

This is attempted in the *preſent* performance, where the reader will ſee, in contraſt to the *Pupil of Pleaſure*, a character of a very different colouring figure before him. One, who, though even more accompliſhed than SEDLEY, with all his fire, ſpirit and opportunity, as well as every perſonal advantage, employs each in the cauſe, not of ruin, but *ſincerity*.

It has been endeavoured alſo, that the ſcenes, in which this new perſonage is engaged, ſhould be ſo diſpoſed, as to give full ſcope for all that is juſt, affecting and ennobled,

without departing from human nature. The Hero of *this* production, like that of the *other*, hath many ſtruggles, and many anxieties; for virtue (with reſpect to *ordinary* ſucceſſes and rewards) is not always fortunate: but between the two heroes there is, throughout their adventures, this diſtinguiſhing difference; the one hath the pangs of *remorſe* ſuperadded to thoſe of ſhame and deſpair; and the ſufferings of the other, like the agonies of a Meſſiah, are always for the truth, and for the happineſs of others. All that the beſt men in the world can ſay to themſelves is,

is comprized in this couplet of the poet.

" 'Tis not in mortals to *command* ſucceſs,
" But we'll do *more*, Sempronius, we'll *deſerve* it."

There have been thoſe (whether in the ſpirit of criticiſm, or from principle, I cannot tell) who have warned the young and ſober againſt the *warmth of character* in the *Pupil of Pleaſure:* ſurely, a little thinking might reconcile to *them*, (as to the reſt of the world) the propriety of painting vice in ſtrong colours, in order to bring it into contempt. That very SEDLEY, who ſets out, with all the graces of *Cheſterfield* in his

his train, ſoon loſes his credit with the reader; he fades, towards the concluſion, more and more in every page; and at laſt, he becomes a deſperate, deteſted man, on whoſe grave even Pity herſelf can ſcarce be prevailed on to ſhed a tear.

If, however, this objection, in the breaſt of any one, ſtill ſubſiſts againſt me, it would be a piece of juſtice not unworthy the *true* critic, if he would take upon him to recommend the character of *Captain Carliſle* in this work, as officiouſly as he has diſcommended that of Mr. SEDLEY,

in

in the other. In real fact, SEDLEY is the *ſhade* which will ſet CARLISLE in the proper *light*; and, although the *ſtories* through which I have conveyed the moral, are utterly different, yet thoſe, who are candid enough to conceive a book of this kind may be made *ſyſtematic*, and who may read the two performances *together*, will, I flatter myſelf, perceive a connexion (with regard to ſyſtem) not wholly inappoſite.

In fine, *Sedley* is a monſter, and *Carliſle* is a man. Let them be accurately compared, and read only

with this view, whenever they are in the hands of the young. As SEDLEY is the object of eſcape and abhorrence; CARLISLE is that of intimacy and imitation. He is much embarraſſed, but he has honour to bear him up: he is purpoſely plunged in difficulty, that his *truth* might be the more tried; and that, *being* tried, it might, like fine gold from the fire, come forth the purer. He is *Sedley*'s oppoſite in every particular, except the attractions of form (which were given to SEDLEY alſo only to render *Cheſterfieldiſm* more exact). CARLISLE protects the inno-

cence

cence that he might have deſtroyed; he ſpares the chaſtity that he might have violated; he endeavours to preſerve the wife, whom he might have ruined: he has all the policy of prudence, wi hout deviating from *truth:* he is graced with every poliſhing ornament of character: inſtead of *corrupting*, he *enriches* ſociety.

That the hero of the preſent work might have every *ultimate* advantage, ſo as to bring the *moral* which his adventures convey, more forcibly home to the buſineſs and boſom of the reader, he appears, at

different times, in all the amiable *lights* of which his picture is ſuſceptible. Amongſt theſe, the honour of his friendſhips, the tenderneſſes of his love, the delicacy of his ſufferings, his diſcretion under embarraſſments, and his courage in exigencies, will not eſcape the attentive reader. It ſhould be noted, alſo, that the contraſt of the preſent, with the former performance, receives ſtill greater force, by the introduction of other ſketches which will be found here; particularly the ſhort ſcenes that belong to Mr. *Henry Hewſon*, and his brother. Theſe characters,

characters are interwoven, not ſo much to enliven, and relieve the deepneſs of the pathetic in the other parts, as to give greater elucidation to the *ſyſtem*. With the like view, the characters of the fighting *Medway*, and the fearful, frolickſome Sir *Andrew Flight*, have been admitted, as have thoſe of Mr. *Laſcelles*, the *Marchioneſs of N****, and *Lucia De Grey*. It is hoped, theſe all promote the moral as much as they contribute to the intereſts of the fable: for example, *Sedley*, the Pupil of Pleaſure, was uniformly vicious, deceitful, and reprobate, and

and therefore *died*. Captain *Carliſle*, the Tutor of Truth, is invariably juſt, ingenuous, and good, and therefore *lives*. *Sedley* often felt the ſtroke of ill ſucceſs, but conſoled himſelf in the worſt of times with the hope of accompliſhing his wicked wiſhes at laſt. *Carliſle* is ſenſible of diſappointment too, but is kept from paroxiſms of deſpair by a ſilent appeal to his conſcience. *Laſtelles* is at once rakiſh, falſe, diſſolute, and therefore meets with puniſhment. The *Marchioneſs of N****, though pitiable, is alſo an object of terror to be held up to the female world, ſince the ſame imprudence will naturally lead to the ſame

ſame mi-fortunes. The Earl and Counteſs of *Bleſſingbourne* are brought into this work, to ſhew, that, *true politeneſs* and *the Graces*, are charms independent of mere rank, titles, or eſtate: the family of the *Herwſons* are here, to prove, that, *true politeneſs* and the *Graces* are not to be bought, as mere marketable commodities, whenever a man happens to have money to ſpare; and to prove likewiſe, that neither ruſtic manners on the one hand, nor bookiſh pedantry on the other, will enable men to leave the farm-houſe and the cloyſter to figure, more reſpectably, in a ſtate

of

of refinement. In full oppoſition to *all* theſe, therefore, the Hero of this work is produced. He is as truly polite as he is truly generous, and, agreeable to the title given to him at ſetting out—He is A TUTOR OF TRUTH.

THE

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

LETTER I.

Helter Skelter Hall.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

Brother Gab,

ACCORDING to cuſtom, I am to ſend you joy upon the *caſſion* of grandfather's *ſtealing* off. As you and I were *in at the death*, and got ſuch a ſwinging *edition* to our fortune, it would

be the *moſt ungratefulleſt* thing in the world not to pray for the peace of the old fellow's ſoul, ſeeing too, that his body is now out of the way. Our Parſon ſays, it behoves us to *direct* a bit of a monument to his memory: for my part, I ſee no matter in theſe ſame monuments: none of the folk of our county need to be told what concerns old *Heidedger Hewſon*; and ſo, what's the uſe of making a long *preachment*, and flouriſhing away upon a marble ſlab, about a dead man? Parſon prates ſo much about *gratitude*, that I begin to think he *magines* we ought to tell it on tombſtone about our fortune. As 'tis a ſtrange affair altogether, I have a good mine to do this—nay, I have already drawn up a piece of writing, which I ſend you: let me know in your anſwer by Nicholas the carrier, whether 'twill do, and whether you will be half the money

money towards the *direction* of the monument, ſeeing as how, gold letters, and church maſonry, and indeed all buſineſs about dead *corpſeſſes*, comes heavy. But yet, I think, we ought to *touch off* the old fellow with a few flouriſhes, ſeeing that ſomebody may do the ſame for us one day or another. Let me know how you *feel yourſelf*, ſince you became a man of fortune. Do you eat, ſleep, talk, walk as you did?—For *my* part—but I won't tell you a ſillabel, 'till you anſwer me. I ſhall only ſay, at preſent, that I find I am no more the man I was ſince my fortune, than a hare is like a hand-ſaw. Nevertheleſs,

I am, as much as ever,
Your loving brother
to command,
HARRY HEWSON.

P. S.

I *ha'n't* the gift of writing; ſo, *may-be* you *won't* eaſily *hit of* my letter: beſides, my head aches with thinking *about my fortune*, and then, I am as ſtupid as a hound. Wife is turn'd a madcap, ſo I don't mention her, only juſt to tell you ſhe an't the woman ſhe was.

The

The incloſed Epitaph,
Intended by Mr. H. HEWSON for his grandfather
HEIDEDGER's Monument.

Here (or Hereabouts)
Lies Mr. Heidedger *Hewſon*,
Who having *No Son*,
Nor *Daughter*,
To come *ater*,
Did, when he was but bone and ſkin,
Leave all to us, his next of kin;
Wherefore this marble ſlab
(Out of reſpect,
To ſhew we don't neglect,)
Was built by I, and Gab.

HENRY HEWSON.

LETTER II.

Mr. GABRIEL to Mr. HENRY HEWSON.

Sombre Hedges,

Brother HENRY,

IF any thing which relateth to that aweful period, to which all human beings are precipitating, and to which all that hath *vivification* muſt ſoon arrive—that period, whereto every thing that is now ſporting in the *jollities of ſanity* muſt ſooner or later come—I ſay, brother, were it poſſible for any thing ſo aweful, ſo moral, ſo moving, ſo—all that—to ſuffer the face to be upon the ſmile, I could *border upon the ſimper*

at

at certain turns in your epiſtle. There are ſome few words in your favour miſſpelled: for inſtance; the words *caſſion*, *preachment*, *magines*, *corpſeſſes*, &c. have not yet come under thoſe eyes which have, from firſt to laſt, dipt into twenty thouſand compoſitions. Neither is your epitaph devoid of inaccuracies: there being neither pathos in your poetry, nor chaſtity in your rhyme, all which is abſolutely neceſſary to the preſent times. *No ſon* does not echo very melodiouſly to *Hewſon*: *daughter* and *ater* might be improved: *kin* and *ſkin* are ſo very near, my dear HENRY, that they abſolutely ſeem one fleſh; their *ſounds* are too ſimilar: *reſpect* and *neglect* may do: but *ſlab* and *Gab* are the moſt prepoſterous words that ever terminated in the way of verſe, ſince rhyming began: nor is a tombſtone, with any propriety, called a marble ſlab.—No, HARRY,

no—

no—your meaning is, as it ought to be; but, for your poetry, the leſs you have to do with the Muſes the better: at leaſt wait a little till my dictionary comes out, and then if you have but a ray of Apollo, it will have it out of you; for I will take on me to ſay no work extant, that *is*, or that *ſhall* be, will give a man ſuch a knack, or kindle in him ſuch a *furor Phœbi*, as I may call it, as my dictionary.

As to the monument, I cheriſh your Parſon's idea, and will readily pay my *quota*. Pray ſubmit to your clerical friend, who, doubtleſs, is a judge of theſe matters, the following inſcription. 'Tis written *calamo currente*, and therefore its *purities are queſtionable*, but the idea is perhaps as competent as it ſhould be.

INSCRIPTION.

INSCRIPTION.

The Tenderneſs of Conſanguinity,
Warmed by Benefaction,
In the Boſom of two Brothers,
HENRY and GABRIEL,
Hath cauſed
To be indented upon the unconſcious
Marble,
Theſe Letters of Gratitude
To the Memory
Of
HEIDEGGER HEWSON, Eſq;
Who, tho' baſking in the *Benignance* of Fortune,
Was venerated by the Poor:
And whoſe *Longevity*, tho' it brought on *Imbecillity*,
Was not burthenſome
To his Family.

I will reply, brother HENRY, by poſt, to the other parts of your letter. NICHOLAS waits for this, ſo that I cannot be explicit, and beſides which, I am as little as you the man I was, tho' I am, always,

Your affectionate brother,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Mr. HENRY to Mr. GABRIEL.

In anſwer.

IT's a lye, GAB; it's all a confounded lye; you are juſt the man you ever was to a T: or, if there is any alteration, 'tis ninety times nine out of a hundred for the worſe. You was always a *feller* who run rambling round about a ſtory, and never come to the end *on't*; you know you was. You always talked forty times more than needs muſt, and the devil a word did you ſay to the pint, *ater* all. Thof you are a fine ſcholar, I'l make five words go better to a bargain than you can ten, at any time:

time: *cuſs* me, if I believe you underſtand half you ſay, *yourſelf*. Don't you remember, once at Skelter wake, when a lady, your partner, fainted away with dancing, and loſt her handkerchief, you ſaid—I ſhall never forget it—"*the ſudorifical drops ſtood on azure forehead*," when the poor wench might have SWEATED (for that, it ſeems, was your meaning) her heart out for you; for the devil an inch will you ſtir when that flea bites, till all that is in your *cuſs'd* crinkum-crankum cranium comes out. And pray, wiſe Sir, who is obliged to underſtand your grecum, latinum lingo, do you think? *I* was not cramb'd with ſuch conundrums when I was young, and I *ant* ſorry for it, now I'm turn'd of thirty.

With regard to the anſwer you have made me, 'tis no anſwer at all; inſtead of

of talking of your old grandfather's monument, you have been plaguing yourſelf with my *neſon*, and *Hewſon*, *daughter* and *ater*, *kin* and *ſkin*, *Gab* and *ſlab*; though, if the truth were known, they are as good as your *cillity* and *gevity*, *nignance* and *guinity*, and the like. And as to your *dictionary*, it may go, for HARRY. To cut the matter ſhort, brother, I wrote you a very civil, reaſonable letter, and in return, you have ſent me a *cuſſed* thing of which I can make neither head nor tail, only I can ſee plain enough that you think yourſelf a very clever fellow, and I no wiſer than I ſhould be: for that matter, GAB, none of your family were conjurors, and I don't believe you are the *ſenſibleſt* o'um neither. But to come to the point: do you chooſe to anſwer my letter? Saying I write like a fool, is ſaying nothing. I want to know whe-

ther, ſetting aſide your Greek and Latin, you are the man you was. I have reaſons good for *axing* this, and if you don't like to make anſwer, why you have only to ſay ſo, and you never ſhall be troubled again by

HENRY HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

ROBERT DE GREY, Eſq; to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

Prudence Green.

Dear WARD,

You did ill, to reply ſo ſeverely as you ſeem to have done, to your brother HENRY: literature, you know, is not his province, and beſides, if it were, you ſhould not touch him on a part where every man upon earth is ſuſceptible of ſmart. A perſon may ever receive a wound, if you aim at his underſtanding. My dear and amiable Ward, Mr. *Carliſle*, is ſo aware of this, that, tho' he is never guilty of a

falſhood, I do not think he ever hurt a man in *his own eſteem*, in his life. I expect you will pay ſo much honour to an old friend's advice as to make all *up* with HENRY directly. He is a very honeſt, odd man: you have read and lived to little effect, if you do not believe there are ſome things to pardon in yourſelf.

Adieu!

ROBERT DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Mr. GABRIEL to HENRY HEWSON.

I MEANT no ill-nature to my dear HENRY by my laſt—fraternal tranquillity is the firſt wiſh of my heart; and I write this haſty note, to crave pardon for having unintentionally offended *him*, whom the feelings of a brother, as well as the ſovereign laws of Nature, *our imperial miſtreſs*, conjoin to render dear as "the ruddy drops," that *animate the pulſe* of

GABRIEL HEWSON.

P. S.

I will reply to your firſt letter, fully, to-morrow; and depoſit with you all the ſecrets that are in the receſſes of my ſoul.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Mr. HENRY to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

Dear GABBY,

ENOUGH ſaid. I wiſh I had hold of your hand, that I might ſhake it: if it was not for thoſe curſed fellows, *Ocrates*, *Ophacles*, *Trully*, and *Omare*, who, ſometimes, put you almoſt *beſide yourſelf*, I know we ſhould never exchange a warm word. I lov'd you when you was not worth a coat off and a coat on: I like you neither more nor leſs, now you are worth ten thouſand pound. So write me all about what I deſire, and I will then tell you *why*.

I am, in good will,

Your loving brother,

HENRY HEWSON.

LETTER VII.

Mrs. HENRIETTA HEWSON to Miſs DE GREY.

Madam,

THE pleaſure I expected in your company this ſeaſon at Helter Skelter Hall muſt, of neceſſity, be poſtponed till the ſummer following. Every thing is at ſixes and ſevens; beſides which, the large addition to my fortune makes it very improper I ſhould ſee my friends in the *bugger-mugger* manner I did, while I was as poor as my neighbours. I have poſitively found out, my dear DE GREY, that there is not a ſingle room in this up and down old manſion fit to ſit in, much leſs to receive the

the moſt delicate of her ſex. But ſince I am deprived of the pleaſure I expected in having you with me, as uſual, I propoſe to commence a correſpondence with you, that I may tell you from time to time how we go on in thoſe alterations that I am reſolved immediately to make. I deſign to fit up the ſweeteſt retreat in the univerſe, your father's not excepted —I ſay *retreat*, becauſe I ſhall occaſionally retreat to it: for, I certainly ſhall not paſs my winters for the future out of Pall-Mall (*that* is, I think I have heard you ſay, the beſt quarter of the town) beſides its having the double recommendation of being the winter reſidence of Miſs De Grey.

Juſt as I writ your name, I happened to look at the chimney-piece, and I abſolutely thought it had undergone a perfect change within this week; as, indeed,

deed, in my opinion, hath every thing about the houſe. I cannot look at an object in the hall or the great garden that does not diſguſt me. Heaven have mercy on me! how they wanted taſte in building formerly! Such huge, horrid, outward doors, ſtudded with ſuch monſtrous nobs of iron; ſuch dreadful arches to every entrance, like the porches of ugly ſtone-work before a church; ſuch corners, lanes, entries, and alleys, running like labyrinths through every room: the fire-places ſo large, the windows ſo little, the glaſs of them ſo diminutive, the wainſcotings ſo figured, the beams ſo bulky, and the paſſages ſo dark and dirty, that they ſeem built rather to be the dens for beaſts of prey, than for ſuch harmleſs little creatures as men and women. Then the gardens are as hideous as the habitations: only to think, LUCIA, of a *con-ſumed* great mote, divided only by a naſty

a naſty drawbridge, running quite round the manſion, moſt glorioufly cropped with duck-weed, and inviting all the fowls of the air to flap their wings and feed about us, to the great annoyance of ſleep and every other comfort. Add to this, the gardens *themſelves*—I am now lifting up my head from the vulgar old table on which I am writing, and I am taking—I declare to you, almoſt with tears in my eyes—a view of our precious platform. I behold in proſpect about three acres of ground, as completely murdered in the diſpoſition, as a modern gardener could wiſh: eight-and-twenty yew-trees, interſperſed with an equal number of boxes and hollies, riſe before me, to whoſe flouriſhing ſhades I am to attribute half the vermin that ſwarm like a peſtilence about us. Let not the abominable walls that ſurround our dwelling and its environs, be forgotten;

forgotten; high above all height; brown above every thing embrowned.—But I have not patience to proceed. And ſhall I invite the lovely LUCIA to this Gothic ſcene? No, LUCIA, no; now that kind Fortune hath put it into my power, I will level with the duſt this ruinous pile of building, and raiſe up in its ſtead ſo different a ſtructure, that the very ground ſhall thank me for *dreſſing it out* ſo charmingly. The moment I have compleated my deſign you ſhall come and confeſs I have a reliſh for improvements. I have, this moment, the exact image of my intentions. Where there are now mountains, will I make vallies; where there are at preſent crops of nettles, or vulgar flowers that are to me worſe than nettles, will I ſet rows of lillies and beds of roſes; roſes I mean of *moſs*, that ſcarce burſt forth from the bearded bud, elegant, ſmall, odorife-

rous,

rous, and not ſuch flaring, flaſhing, old-faſhioned things, as figure away in our garden, that look as if the ſeeds were ſown and the trees planted immediately after the fall; juſt when all the beautiful in Nature firſt felt the curſe upon it. As to the yew-trees, I will not leave one of them alive, no not even that which is cut into the form of a ſugar-loaf; and, ſo inveterate is my vengeance in regard to theſe, that I will, yea even after they are fell'd—make the infected wretches perform quarantine at a mile's diſtance, in open air, before I will allow them the honour of being *burned* in my preſence: as to my old friend the *mote*, with whom I have exchanged watry looks, ever ſince I ſaw him, I will cauſe all his channels to be dried up, and *terra firma*, as brother GAB calls it, to flouriſh about him. The drawbridge will I alſo remove; and, to

ſhew my diſlike and ridicule of ſuch an antique, I will ſubſtitute, by way of mockery and the mode, an ha! ha! in his ſtead. Neither ſhall any part of our *houſe furniture* fare better, for there ſhall be a general *clearance*. Stags heads ſhall give place to Hogarth's prints: family pictures, notwithſtanding the large ruffs on my grandmother's neck, the whiſkers on my great uncle's upper lip, and the profuſion of chitterlin on my god-papa's boſom, muſt all yield to politer decorations.—In ſhort, I will create a paradiſe about me, and that without delay. In the mean time, I will *commence* the woman of faſhion, by giving orders never to be ſeen by any body but tradeſmen, till I am all *to-rights*—not even by LUCIA DE GREY. How I ſhall bring Mr. HEWSON over to this genteel way of thinking, I don't know; particularly as he is not, you know,

know, the beſt bred man in the world. However, done it muſt be—that's flat; for I cannot breathe any longer in ſuch a place! Oh Heavens, how have I breath'd ſo long! It is equally an affront to my perſon, my underſtanding, and my fortune! If any little ornaments ſtrike *you*, that may aſſiſt my ſcheme of embelliſhing, ~~pray think~~ of them in your next. I deſign to call one of my new rooms *Lucia*'s *Saloon*. Pray, therefore, let LUCIA's fancy aſſiſt me in fitting it up.

Adieu! Adieu!

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

P. S.

Have you had any news yet of Captain CARLISLE?

LETTER VIII.

Mr. GABRIEL to Mr. HENRY HEWSON.

Sombre Hedges.

YES, brother, yes: thou beloved branch of the ſame family; thou dear ſcyon of the ſame ſtock; I again confeſs, I am not, in any degree, the man I was. This ſudden *gale of gay Proſperity*, whoſe beams are ſo burniſhed to the eyes of fragile mortals, hath, I confeſs, a good deal interrupted the œconomy of my former affairs; which were too ſcanty to diſtract attention, and too abſtract *from all circumvolutions* to require much *mathematical diligence*. Two days before the ſudden exit of *him*, to whom

whom I am indebted for this weight of wealth, I was as ſtill and ſtudious a man, as bachelorſhip and neat 64*l.* 11*s.* *per annum* could make me. I had a decent collection of claſſics; I had Homer, in honeſt ſheepſkin binding; Horace, with a little edging of gold; and Cicero, my dear Cicero, with his name upon the back of every volume. I had, beſides, juſt ſuch a houſhold, as ſuited well the *propenſities of my ſequeſtered notions.* I had an old creature, who prepared my beverage, and was ſo uſed to my humour, that ſhe always went out to cough, when I was at my ſtudies: I had a toothleſs dog, that ſlept away his leiſure, and was too feeble to diſturb me by barking; and my cat was the quieteſt animal that ever purred at the elbow of a ſcholar in a cloiſter: Sombre Hedges were exactly to my paſſion. The two prodigious trees, whoſe *over-*

ſhadowing ramifications ſpread, the *ſublime of darkneſs viſible* over my cottage, gave ſuch a *ſet-off* to my ſtudy, that I was abſolutely the hero of an hermitage. I ſat and read, till I fancied myſelf, in *the fervor of the intellectual feelings*, a philoſopher in the ſhades. In the dim hour of evening I uſed to be the companion of the ſooty-pinioned bat, and walked forth to meditate on the readings I had made in the day. I rejoiced in the name that the people of the village gave me, and I had a ſecret pride in ſeeing them in the twilight, ſtealing a look at the learned gentleman in the dark houſe i'th' midſt of Sombre Hedges. I was juſt lighting up my lamp, and ſetting down to a chapter of Cicero, with Grimalkin by my ſide, when news of my new honours, broke like too mighty a flood of light, upon the ſerenity of my darkneſs. I was dazzled, and knew not

not what to do. For want of habitude, wealth, like a robe first put on, and made *not consonant to our usual fashion*, sat uneasy upon me. As my soul was not fitted to my fortune, neither was my fortune fitted to my soul. I hit upon a passage, where Tully, the prince of Latian eloquence, recommended an equal mind in all revolutions; an hour *before*, I should have given to the very printed page an holy kiss of approbation, but, at present, it was no such matter:—I was now to consider myself as master of ten thousand pounds, and I was taken so unawares that I trimmed my lamp in order to see the *will* clearer; and when I had the misfortune to find the thing was *certain*, I was much agitated, and crept at length into the closet, which contained the wholesome bed of a scholar, upon the surface of which I laid down,

down, with a heart that throbbed, and a head that ach'd till the morning.

I roſe early, brother, but not to my accuſtomed ſatisfaction, for I found my feelings were altered. Thoſe ſmall, but dear attentions, which the day before belonged to an eſtate of 60 *l. per* year, were over. I could not any longer think I was the proprietor of a ſnug box, when the load of ten thouſand pounds fell abruptly upon my ſhoulders in the lump. I never looked into a book that whole day, and to ſay truth, I hardly thought there was a *cover* in my ſtudy fit to come into the hand of a man of fortune. Was it not ſome Demon, think you, that put it into my head to take down, three days after, the only *coxcomb* volume in my whole library? and the ſcope of this was to recommend taſte, elegance, faſhion, and commerce with

with men, on purpoſe to give a finiſhing to the man of ſpeculation. With an avidity for which I deſpiſe myſelf, did I peruſe this work quite through, and from that moment I became a prophane, excentric, diſſipated fellow. I ſaid unto the woodman, Fell me thoſe horrid trees that hide me from *the blooming face of Phœbus*; down inſtantly with theſe children of darkneſs, that there may be light. I am aſhamed to tell you, that I directed my windows to be cleaned; yea, even the little lattice that emitted ſcarce half a ſun-beam into my library, and which was almoſt vegetable with the over-growth of ivy, did I order to be laid bare to all the ſplendors of day—Why ſhould I conceal the moſt *egregious* of my follies? I have at this minute two artificers in my houſe, and perhaps the paſſion may gain ſuch ſway in a few hours, that, by to-morrow, the corner-

ſtone

ſtone of the building may not be ſuffered to ſtand. I am already *not* the dark gentleman of Sombre Hedges, but the poor fellow who hath, like a ſwallow in the winter, emerged unſeaſonably from his corner, to blind himſelf with light. Upon the whole, my heart, like my houſe, is totally diſarranged. I pray Heaven, *yours* may be more compoſed, and I hope to hear, that your hopes and happineſs ſtand juſt where they did, before the death of our kinſman HEIDEDGER.

I am, dear brother,

Your's,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. GABRIEL.

In anſwer.

I LIKE you ten times better than ever; for I finds *you* are as much altered as *I* am. There never was a more miſerable dog than either of us. I dare not ſay this *before*, for fear you ſhould laugh at me; but now, that I find you are as ſtrange a fellow as myſelf, I tell you, without farther *permable*, that I hant ſhot a partridge *this* three weeks, and my dogs are yelping in the kennel for freſh air and their ſport. People now give me ſo much *joy* when I go about, that I am quite miſerable

miſerable. My wife HETTY, too, has been *at* me about *pliteneſs*, and bids me look in the glaſs to ſee if it is not a ſin and a ſhame, for ſuch a *parſonable* man as I to go ſuch a figure, and ſhut myſelf up in an old timber houſe among hounds and horſes, guns and game traps. She ſays I ſhould be a very *ſightly* man, if beard was ſmoothed oftner, and ruffles put on wriſt-bands, after the faſhion of young Captain CARLISLE. She ſays, too, we might now alter our courſe of life, and live upon our wealth like Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, in a different gueſs place than Helter Skelter Hall. Upon this I clapt me on a clean ſhirt, and a pair of ſilken ſtockings, after I had doft leathern hunting breeches; and, without *ſhamming*, I verily thought, what with the powder in my hair, and ribbon behind in beau-knot, not forgetting black crevat, which

which the jade tied ſo as to make me look—I don't know how—I was one of your *bettermoſt* perſons. As I was walking along the large hall thus *quipp'd*, old Daſhgrove, the ſetting bitch, barked at me, as if ſhe did not known Maſter HENRY thro' his finery, upon which I lent her a *douze*, to teach her how to behave to man of *plitenes*: after this, Tippler the ſpaniel came and fawn'd on me, leaving the track of her paws on my ſilken ſtockings, upon which I favoured her alſo with ſuch a *flick* that the poor thing howled for a quarter of an hour. In ſhort, I can't help ſpeaking *haſh*, and taking a little upon me, more than uſual: and this was partly the *caſion* of my writing you ſuch a rough letter; for, I finds I am grown deviliſh *touchey*, ſince I *came* to be a great man; and SUSAN, the maid, ſays, I am not like to be much the *better* for my riches;

ſeeing, that I have got *them*, and loſt my good-nature. I am moſt conſumedly troubled to know *what to do*; and, mayhap, *that* makes me growl more than I otherwiſe ſhould. Sometimes I think of giving up my farm at Skelter, ſometimes of buying racing horſes; ſometimes of making myſelf *cuſſed* gay in the *parell* way; ſometimes I have a mind to *crackle* it away in a coach; ſometimes to put worſted of different colours on JOE JOBSON's coat, and clap a *cue* to his head—But then again I can't help telling HETTY, this would be damn'd nonſenſe for a *feller* like I, who have as good a pair of legs as ever worked under a man, and who has gone rough as he run *this* many a day. I wiſh grandfather had thought fit to let us know what he meant to do for us about four or five years *agone*, that we might have prepared ourſelves to be gentlemen againſt

againſt he died. With ſuch warning I don't doubt but I ſhould have been ſcholar enough to deck myſelf off, to ſtrut forth with a little black bag at the end o'me, and to have popp'd in and out of a carriage, very decently: for, damn it, I know how the thing ſhould *gee*, tho' I can't ſo neatly *do* it. As to Captain CARLISLE, neither you nor I can ever expect to cut the *daſh*, *he* cuts; 'caſe why? he was papp'd in *pliteneſs*, and ſuck'd civility in his cradle: beſides which, he has travelled for it, far and near; ſo that all the difference in that there matter lies only in the alteration you know. But for all that, if we could, when he comes from *broad* (which is to be ſoon) get *into's* company now and then, and take notice how he carries himſelf, how he talks, opens his lips, and the like, I don't doubt but we could make ourſelves no ſmall fools, in the

way of *baviour*, when he is not *by*. At preſent, as I can't think of doing as I did, becauſe HETTY ſays, that would be very unnatural; I am horridly *out of ſorts*, and know not what will be the end *on't*. I think, as you are the beſt ſcholard, you ought to write to Mr. DE GREY *bout* it, cauſe he had once the care of us, and, as the world ſays, made Captain CARLISLE what he is.

To live thus, is out of the queſtion, ſo pray think of mending the matter. HETTY is airing me another ruffled ſhirt, and ſays, I muſt ſhift every day now I am a man of property. The linen is rare and hot, ſo I muſt ene put it on; have only time, therefore, to ſay, that

I am
Your afflicted brother,
HAL. HEWSON.

LETTER X.

Mrs. Hewson to Miss De Gray.

Congratulate me; ſing ſongs of triumph to me, my dear De Grey; I have brought Mr. Hewson over to my *politeſt wiſhes*. A little flattery, and a looking-glaſs, have compleated the buſineſs. All the fine things I deſign, may be put in practice; aſſiſt me, therefore, I beg of you, that I may be *perfectly elegant*. Every hint of your *taſte* will be now welcome to the impatient

Henrietta Hewson.

LETTER XI.

Captain CARLISLE to ROBERT DE GREY, Eſq;

London.

My dear Guardian,

THE ſpirit of affection and duty made me haſten to leave the gardens of Italy, that I might be in time to enjoy the pleaſures of Prudence Green, at this beautiful period of the year. That which was Rome herſelf, had no charms ſo attract me, when the lure of ſuch a ſociety, as that which your letter deſcribes to me, was thrown out for my heart. And, is it poſſible, that I am ſo ſoon to return again to all thoſe bewitching

witching ſcenes wherein, I firſt received thoſe admirable precepts which have, hitherto, enabled me to reſiſt temptation in almoſt every form? I am in London. Nothing can ſeduce me to continue here beyond the time that is abſolutely neceſſary to my journey; ſo that I ſhall be at Prudence Green almoſt as ſoon as this ſhort letter, which announces me to you: yet, if there ſhould be a moment's advantage on the ſide of the letter, pray employ it to tell Miſs De Grey, and the reſt of your party, how lingeringly I ſhall think the time, till I ſalute them.

I am, Sir,

Your ever faithful ſervant,

And indulged friend,

Clement Carlisle.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

From the Same to Mr. LASCELLES in London.

London.

Dear LASCELLES,

I AM in the moſt diſtreſſing ſtate of mind in the world—the Lady of the Marquis of N. with whom I was on friendly terms in Italy, hath very inadvertently, and under colour of an attachment (which I never before diſcovered) followed me to England. To my utter aſtoniſhment ſhe is now before me, too beautiful to be denied protection; and yet, in a ſituation, on all hands too ſacred for me long to beſtow it. She

ſet

ſet off in a packet that ſailed, it ſeems, at the ſame time mine did. She is in the habit of a boy: her huſband doats upon her. She looks with the brighteſt eyes into my face, while, with the moſt perſuading voice, ſhe tells me, ſhe is in a ſtrange land, where ſhe knows not a ſingle friend. What is to be done? She came in upon me, juſt after I had ſent Mr. De Grey's letter to the poſt, ſo that it cannot be recalled, and truth requires my promiſes ſhould be fulfilled —But the Lady muſt be, ſome way, accommodated, at leaſt, till ſhe can be perſuaded to return to the Marquis.

To *your* care, therefore, I commit her for a little time, and I ſhall, in the evening, when I have reconciled her to this mode, bring the fair fugitive to your houſe, where, in the mean time, you will prepare your ſiſter, to receive her.

her. Tell her at once the *truth*, and depend on it, *that* will ever, in the end, turn out for the best.

Farewell.

I am, your's,

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

From the Same to the Same.

(After delivering the Lady to the latter.)

I WRITE this to my dear LASCELLES, with a hand that trembles for the ſituation of your fair charge. She diſcovered, methought, as I delivered her to you, an impatience of temper that may be fatal. She talks of her huſband with an ardour of reſentment that I believe it is impoſſible ſo accompliſhed a man ſhould have deſerved. I feel a compunction, not very unlike reproach, at being obliged to refuſe her my addreſs. Do you not agree with me, that ſtrong marks of diſapprobation were

were painted in her countenance, when I obſerved, that all her ſentiments would reach me by incloſing them, either ſealed or unſealed, to you? I did propoſe to have ſet out this day for Mr. De Grey's, but I muſt apologize for a little delay, becauſe I judge it beſt to ſee how ſhe ſettles with your family, and to write to the Marquis before I venture into the country, where I had flattered my imagination with enjoying the moſt uninterrupted happineſs. As ſhe is a native of England, you know, it is poſſible you may, by ſome means, trace out her relations, ſome of whom are, as I have been informed, in London; and yet, till we have the Marquis's anſwer, it may perhaps be a more *delicate* piece of integrity to keep the matter out of every body's mouth, but the worthy family to whom it was neceſſary to entruſt it. On ſecond thoughts, therefore, I beg

the

matter may reſt where it is, in your faithful boſom, and in that of Miſs LASCELLES. In the mean time, if AUGUSTA remains prudent and compoſed, the whole indiſcretion may be done away: every thing may be huſhed, and the Marquis be again made happy, without the confuſion of being congratulated by people, who turn accidents into table-talk. For my *own* part, I dare ſay, it will be eaſy for me to convince the huſband that I dealt honourably. At beſt, the dilemma is very diſpleaſing, and the only way left, is to act in it, and to ſtruggle through it, as becomes a man of prudence and principle.

I have the great ſatisfaction to be,

Dear LASCELLES, your's,

C. C.

LETTER XIV.

The Marchioneſs of N. to Signora D. at Rome.

I FOLLOWED him, my VIOLA. I practiſed to the very utmoſt, my more than romantic reſolution—I eluded even the vigilance of the Marquis—I never loſt ſight of the exquiſite CARLISLE—I ſurmounted every fatigue—I paſſed every where, as a beardleſs youth of the Italian ſoil; and I am now returned to thoſe ſhores from whence I drew my firſt breath, and from whence I was ſo early carried to that part of your country where he who is now my huſband firſt ſaw me.

Yes,

Yes, VIOLA, I am here—I am in London.—I am within a ſhort mile of the houſe of CARLISLE.—But, alas! to what purpoſe? My paſſion is in deſpair; my mode of gratifying it has been irregular—I bluſh at my weakneſs—but I am ſtill weak enough to love—to love, Viola, with a fervor that is equally my ſhame and my agony. Yet, I propoſe only to be within his view—a ſight of him—a touch of his hand—his converſation—his ſmile.—Theſe were my ambition: violent as I am, I tell you the extent of my guilt—But theſe are already denied me. He has left me in charge of his friends, who are brother and ſiſter—they treat my misfortune with tenderneſs—the ſiſter ſpeaks warmly of Mr. CARLISLE's virtues. I perceive that the words *honourable* attachment are favourites—Confuſion, VIOLA! perhaps ſhe is—yet that's

not likely—I will not have it ſo. I could not bear it. At a village on the borders of Italy, my ſpeed brought me near enough to ſee him ſalute a female acquaintance; and though modeſty and reaſon, all concurred to ſanctify the civility, yet I wanted dignity enough in my nature, to reſtrain the execration which I uttered againſt her beauty. No, no, it is ſome comfort yet (even were I never more to behold him, which would kill me)— it is ſome comfort yet, that his heart is without other attachments.

My condition calls for ten thouſand comforts, and I foreſee, not *one* will be allowed me—I have numberleſs circumſtances to tell you, but I want eaſe and compoſure to write. The Marquis has, I ſuppoſe, left Rome in a rage. For the firſt time in my life, although I have long deſpiſed him, have I taken

advantage

advantage of his confidence, but it was only to eſcape from the object of my averſion to that of my fondneſs—of my adoration.

Perhaps the Marquis may ſuſpect every thing I was ſo cautious to conceal. If ſo, my dear CARLISLE is in danger. I am not ignorant of the Marquis's temper. I have *felt* its violence —He ſtruck me, VIOLA; the villain in his meanneſs ſtruck me! I never ſhall either forget or forgive it.

CARLISLE in danger!—In danger!—for what—for his unparallelled *integrity* —for his dignity—for his *truth?* Ah, Signora, were he the moſt guilty, inſtead of being the moſt innocent, of men, my romantic ſoul would take fire at the proſpect of his peril, and ſet life, fame, hope, and Heaven itſelf, at a

hazard to defend him. I am interrupted—Let *my* ſecret be *your's*.

Adieu for a little time, to

The wretched

AUGUSTA N***.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

GEORGE LASCELLES, Eſq; to Captain CARLISLE.

ABOUT two hours ago, AUGUSTA very earneſtly requeſted the uſe of pen and paper, which, you may be ſure, was directly brought her. She hath ſince had wax and a candle, and, I ſuppoſe, will preſently deſire a letter to be put into the Poſt-office— It may, very poſſibly, my friend, be addreſſed to ſome friend of *her*'s, or *your*'s: in one caſe, we might, perhaps, were we in *poſſeſſion of the facts*, eſcape danger; and in the other, we might, it is likely, get a clue to thoſe circumſtances which would bring this diſagreeable affair the ſooner

ſooner to an iſſue. Either way it may ſerve our purpoſes: I ſhall, therefore, inſtead of putting this letter into the poſt, incloſe it for you, that no opportunity of aſſiſting us may eſcape.

Adieu!

I am your's,

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Captain CARLISLE.

In anſwer.

YOUR zeal to ſerve a friend, muſt have thrown you from your guard, my dear LASCELLES; for, I am certain it could not require more than a moment's recollection to convince you of the *impropriety* of breaking a ſeal for any private purpoſe whatſoever. Neither you nor I have, certainly, any farther controul over the lady, than juſt to entertain her as her condition may require, till ſhe is invited home by the Marquis, to whom I was preparing to write juſt as your favor came to hand.

I lay

I lay aſide this buſineſs, however, for a minute, juſt to intreat you will ſuffer your ſervants to obey *her* wiſhes, as you would, I know, order them to obey the wiſhes of

Your's,

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Captain CARLISLE to the Marquis of N***, at Signor ———'s, in Rome; or elſewhere.

London.

SIR,

WERE it not that your ſituation called rather for condolence than mirth, I could acquaint you, in very jocular language, of a circumſtance that carries with it the air of an adventure in the days of chivalry.

The heroine, or rather the lady-errant of this enterprize, is your AUGUSTA, who, taking advantage of your journey about

about the time of my departure, was reſolved to be even with you for the anxieties of ſeparation, and ſo paid you *in kind* by taking a trip to England. I dare ſay ſhe intended, at firſt, only to amuſe herſelf with a ſhort excurſion to deceive the time till your return: but the ſpirited creature, with all that ardor which, you know, belongs to her character, laid her plan of operation in ſuch a manner, that, when ſhe was once embarked, it was abſolutely impoſſible to retreat. She contrived the matter ſo as to paſs upon every body for an Italian ſtripling travelling to England, properly equipped for the opera houſe: the better to ſupport which, ſhe was provided with ſuitable habiliments, and above all, a diſtinguiſhing kind of head-dreſs, that maſked her from every thing but the moſt critical inſpection. It will demand all your beſt

beſt opinion of my veracity, to credit me when I proteſt to you, that ſhe eſcaped *my* notice through the whole journey, nor was I acquainted with any part of the circumſtance till, in compleating the project, ſhe diſcovered herſelf to me in my own apartments in London. It was not for *me* to upbraid her upon the principle of the pain you was ſuffering; nor was it proper ſhe ſhould remain with one, who has not the honour to be in the married ſtate. I therefore adviſed her to be as eaſy as her reflections would allow, at the houſe of a particular friend of mine, who has a ſiſter that will preſerve her ſafe, till ſhe is once more in the arms of her Marquis. The ſtep ſhe has taken was certainly carrying the joke too far, and, no doubt, ſhe herſelf thinks ſo; but when you conſider her youth, her high ſpirits, her well-known fidelity to you, and

above all, the perils ſhe has ſafely paſſed, without a ſingle ſoul to protect her, you have, I think, on the whole, rather more reaſon to laugh it off as a frolic, than to chide her for it as an impropriety.

Whatever mode of receiving her you propoſe ſhall be attended to, and if you cannot come all the way yourſelf, I will ſee that ſhe is re-conducted to the borders of Italy, or even to your very houſe in Rome, or to that in Paris, if you judge it neceſſary. Your anſwer will determine me in every thing that relates to the lady, whom I have the honour, in the mean time, to have in protection. Be aſſured, Sir, the truſt is as ſafe as it is ſacred; and that I am, with all a friend's anxiety, Your

Moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

P. S.

Your lady, Sir, is at the houſe of Mr. LASCELLES, in Bond-ſtreet, London, whither you will pleaſe to direct your reply; and where, ſhould you, on the preſent, or any future occaſion, chooſe to viſit London, I take the liberty of friendſhip to ſay, you will be cordially received.

LETTER XVIII.

The Marchioneſs of N*** to Mr. CARLISLE.

(Incloſed by Mr. Laſcelles.)

I MUST ſee you, though it be but for five moments: but ſince it is ſo very irkſome to you, I give you a whole week to *prepare* yourſelf for a viſit; in the mean time, your repoſe ſhall not be invaded by

Your

AUGUSTA N***.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to ROBERT DE GREY, Eſq.

SIR,

MY brother (dear to me by affinity of blood, and by the coadjoining bonds of a ſettled friendſhip) my brother and I, Sir, have lately been much inveloped *in the deep abyſs of meditation.* The additions to our fortunes, have, as is but too generally the caſe, brought with them additions of *carking care*, and *perturbed reflection*—we find it impoſſible to enjoy ourſelves as we uſed to do, before the benevolence of Fate diſtinguiſhed us by her ſplendid favours. My

brother is unable to take the ſalutary exerciſes of the fields and foreſts, *crown'd with leafy honours*; and I, for my part, can find neither gaiety in Horace, nor argument in Tully. We conceive ſomething ſhould be done to make riches *ſit eaſy* on us. We believe books will not do this for me, nor hounds for him.—In fine, we are ſollicitous, *even to a conſiderable degree of anxiety*, to acquire a reliſh of thoſe exterior ornamentals which ſo particularly mark you and Captain CARLISLE, from all men of our acquaintance. We underſtand the Captain is ſhortly to be at the Green; and therefore, as your indulging nature has very often preſſed upon us an invitation, we could, conjointly, wiſh it might be *agreeable to your leiſure*, and *conſonant to your convenience*, to permit us to paſs a few days, under the *ſanctification of your hoſpitality* while the Captain

is

is with you, that we may have the advantage of making ourſelves very paſſable copies from the *reiterated imitation of ſo admirable an original.* My brother HENRY and I, Sir, are very impatient for the honour of your anſwer to this *our conſequential requeſt.*

Sir, I am,

Your's reverentially,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to ROBERT DE GREY, Esq.

Hon. Guardian that was,

I UNDERSTANDS that GAB has *'form'd* you of our resolution to be *better-most* persons; whereof the reason's good and natural, seeing that we are not the folks we *was*; seeing we are richer; our *ideerers* are no more the same they *was* than any thing, and I *ha'* put it *into*'s head to see what hand may be made on us, *supposin* we had a good sightly *moral* before us. For certain, the *Captain* is as fine a pattern as need to be taken for any man's *sample*, and you are no small

ſmall fool at making a bow yourſelf. You and he, therefore, are the men we mean to cut out by, and my HETTY would have no *'jection* to make a ſample of your daughter, who, every body muſt own, has more the jig of a gentlewoman than any body within ten miles *o'her*. I ſend theſe few lines by JOE, juſt to clap brother GAB's letter, as it were, on the back, and do the thing more *plitely*; for, certainly, the more *parſons* write to a man out of one family, the more reſpectful. We underſtands alſo that you are to have viſitors *go lore*, over and above the Captain. *That* we have no ſort of *rejection* to: 'caſe why? We are ſure for *ſartain*, none are harboured at Prudence Green but your *tip-top ſpecie*. So much the better for *we*; 'caſe why? As we go on purpoſe to make a hand on't, and get as much as we can out of every body, why we can take one bit

of

of haviour from one, another bit from another, and ſo on, till we are *up* to the whole gig of the thing. HETTY is 'ene almoſt ready to fly over the moon upon *caſion* of this—ſhe's a *duced* cute one, at taking any thing in hand ſhe has a mind to, and I *ſurſpect* ſhe'll pull the feathers out of the fine ones till ſhe's as pretty a bird as the beſt of them. I'd lay two o' my teeth to a *teeſter*, that ſhe bridles and briggles to a nicety, in leſs time than I ſhall want to make me doff hat with decency; for, to tell you the truth, I have a cuſſed way of being *cover'd* in company; and, I think, it's a pity you was not guardian of my manners, as well as my money.—But I have ſaid enough to ſhew you what I would be at, and therefore I have no *caſion* to make a long affair *ont*, like Maſter GAB, who, I don't doubt, has muddled his brains never ſo long, to write to you a fine long *rigmerol*, and pick and chooſe words

out

out of *dikſonnerry*. Mayhap I may be one of your better ſort as ſoon as he, for all his ſcholarſhip: not that I would have you *magine*, 'Squire, I don't think GAB knows how to handle a pen: but I think a man may talk a little *plainer* than GAB: aye, and *write* a little plainer too, for I do *ſure* you, parſon of our pariſh, who put on his gown at *varſity*, has ſometimes enough to do to make him *out*, when he writes his *flourididdles* to me, and HETTY ſays, he is no more fit for *pliteneſs* than my dog Daſhgrove. But this is *atween* ourſelves, 'Squire. I have written my paper *all through*, purpoſe 'caſe you ſhould not be *fended*, and if it had been more I would *ha'* gone to the end *on't*, I *'ſure* you; for you are juſt the ſort of man I like, and, after all, I don't know when I come to ſet *this* over againſt *that*, whether I ſha'n't take more of the bettermoſt perſon from *you*, than from

from the Captain himſelf. I am, with HETTY's love to Miſs DE GREY,

Your dutiful friend
to command,
HENRY HEWSON.

P. S.

I think I would not have you ſay to any of the folks at the Green, what *lay* GAB and I are upon; for, 'tis natural to think, gentlemen and ladies (who have bought breeding, and *plitenеſs* dear) may not chooſe to have, as it were, their pockets pickt on't, by a couple of chaps who come *a purpoſe* to carry off the *beſt part of 'em*. I ſhould not like it myſelf.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Miſs De Grey to Mrs. Hewson.

Dear Madam,

My father is writing billets of invitation to your huſband and brother; and he hath aſſigned to me the pleaſing taſk of requeſting you will not forget to join our ſociety, which is to meet on the 30th inſtant, when it is expected the Green will be exceedingly gay. Beſides Captain Carliſle, there will be a Lord and Lady Blessingbourne, and Sir Andrew Flight, their nephew: they are all perſons who are able to form the taſte, as far as it depends on faſhionable carriage. At

the ſame time, if you will take my advice, it would rather recommend to you the perpetuation of your original content, than any attempts at copied ſplendor. But this is a ſentiment out of the line of my commiſſion; and the letter you favoured me with will better be anſwered in converſation, than upon paper. Do not forget the 30th; and remember, in the mean time,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

LUCIA DE GREY.

P. S.

Mr. MEDWAY is already with us.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

OLIVER MEDWAY, Esq; to Mr. TOWNSEND.

I HAD scarce set my foot on Prudence Green, when DE GREY put into my hand a letter which not only mentions the arrival of CARLISLE in England, but his coming post into the country. This news was confirmed by the charming LUCIA, with a smile upon her face. In my opinion, TOWNSEND, a *better intentioned* smile than she ever bestowed upon me. To be sure, an old friend hath a claim upon one's cordiality, and no man deserves so large a share as Captain CARLISLE.—No man better loves him and his virtues than *I*

do—and, certainly, a ſmile upon the ſubject of *expecting* him, was not wrong. —But why ſo very *kind* a formation of the features? why muſt the eyes ſparkle ſo brilliantly on the occaſion? why this rapture ſo directly upon the very front of his arrival?—I have the tendereſt regard for CARLISLE in the world, but if —confuſion!—I muſt not be ſported with—my paſſion is too nice, too noble, and too near my heart for that. I muſt look about me a little.

Adieu!

Your's,

OLIVER MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

From the Same to Captain CARLISLE in London.

Dear CARLISLE,

AFTER having told you in a few words, that you are as welcome to me as ever was friend to friend, I muſt aſk you a queſtion, which, if you have time (as your laſt billet to Mr. DE GREY mentioned a ſhort delay) I intreat you will anſwer by the poſt, even before you come amongſt us. You are not ignorant of my regard for LUCIA: I have ſent you, from time to time, fifty ſheets of paper on the ſubject. I have reaſon to think *you* are as great a favourite as

myſelf. No woman ſhould dare to divide her heart. I inſiſt upon an *entire* paſſion, or none. You know my humour. I love you above all men; but if you have, *even in thought*, ſupplanted me, let the needful be done without noiſe. Seconds are out of the queſtion, when combatants know each other. You are as brave as Heaven. I am not apt to retreat myſelf. There was a ſort of ſatisfaction in LUCIA's face, I muſt abſolutely have *explained*. I have, in DE GREY's green paddock, the beſt and fleeteſt horſe in England at this time grazing—He *knows* when I travel upon *life and death*—you underſtand me.

Farewell till I ſee you.

Your ſincere friend,

O. MEDWAY.

P. S.

P. S.

The reſt of Dr GREY's party come to night: our laughing philoſopher and whimſical wag, Sir ANDREW, is in the groupe.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Captain CARLISLE's Anſwer.

How can you, my dear MEDWAY, ſtill continue your cruel humour? How few moments thinking would have been neceſſary to ſet your fluttering heart to reſt on every ſubject that concerns LUCIA DE GREY! The vehemence with which you firſt diſcloſed your paſſion to me, and the large ſtrides you ſaid you had made towards gaining HER affections, put an entire end to all attempts which, perhaps, might otherwiſe have been made by *me* upon the ſubject. Neither by look nor letter have I, ever ſince that time, addreſſed any thing to LUCIA that aimed at her heart,

heart, and your three lateſt letters (which came to my hands in Italy) wherein you aſſure me, your tenderneſs for that lady is fully *returned*, put ſuch an additional check upon my conduct, that I looked upon the buſineſs as too far gone for any third perſon, except Mr. De Grey, who, it ſeems, approves the match, to interfere without infamy. Beſides that I ſhall embrace you ſhortly, I have juſt now ſuch a kind of engagement to fulfill, that I muſt apologize for having replied to your letter ſo haſtily. I am, as for many years I have been,

Dear Medway's

affectionate friend,

Clement Carlisle.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Captain CARLISLE to GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq.

WHAT is to be done now, my dear LASCELLES?—a circumſtance hath fallen out, even worſe than the affair of AUGUSTA. Mr. DE GREY forgot to inform me, that the only perſon whom I ſhould not meet at Prudence Green would make a diſtinguiſhed member of his ſummer ſociety! But yet, how ſhould he imagine it was neceſſary to apprize me of it, knowing, as he does, of our long friendſhip, and *not* knowing there is any *delicate matter* on which it depends? The nature of my difficulty will appear to you better, when I tell

I tell you *Medway* is of the party—MEDWAY, the moſt generous, poſitive, good-humoured, quarrelſome man in the univerſe—MEDWAY, whoſe ſenſibility of honour, and jealous miſconceptions, expoſe him every hour to a hazard of his life. If you have forgot my ſituation with this flaming hero, the incloſures will revive the whole track of the ſtory in your memory. Had I not apprehended that he was to paſs the ſummer in Oxfordſhire, I ſhould, by no means, have accepted of an invitation even from Mr. DE GREY; nor indeed ſhould I, by right, have left Italy till the ſecret cauſe of my going thither became Mrs. MEDWAY, and had retired with her huſband from Prudence Green. As the good of ſociety is no way concerned in the communication of this my private boſom ſecret, no man but Mr. LASCELLES is truſted with it.

As

As to AUGUSTA, I am glad to find she is so well reconciled to our last conversation. Your sister will certainly, by her enchanting treatment, make a thorough convert of her; and at least keep her quiet without more interviews till I get the Marquis's answer. Were it not, therefore, for MEDWAY's affair, I should now go down to the Green in high spirits. With regard to LUCIA, I consider her so much the property of another, that I could certainly meet her *unalarmed*, were not that other under the same roof.

The

The INCLOSURES,

(Being letters received *formerly* from MEDWAY.)

LETTER ——.

Dear CARLISLE,

You know many of my ſecrets; ſo now take the greateſt I ever had. I love your guardian's friend, LUCIA DE GREY: to this ſecret add one more, *ſhe loves* ME; I have the *beſt of reaſons* for ſaying ſo. My fortune is good. Pray help me in this affair with her father.

Your's,

O. MEDWAY.

LETTER ——.

From Mr. C——.

In anſwer.

Dear MEDWAY,

As the affection betwixt you and Miſs DE GREY is, you ſay, *mutual*, it ſhall never be interrupted, but, on the other hand, *promoted*, by

Your's,

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER ——.

Dear Captain,

I HAVE *more* and *more* cauſe to interpret LUCIA's conduct in my favour. DE GREY, I know, leaves all theſe points to his daughter's prudence; ſo that, although my notion of ſuch a tranſaction is to keep it *quite private 'till the day of marriage* (even though that marriage ſhould not take place for ſeveral years) I deſire *you*, as a friend, to conſider LUCIA as the *contracted ſpouſe* of

Your's,

O. MEDWAY.

The ANSWER.

Dear MEDWAY,

As you have, doubtleſs, the moſt ſolid foundations for ſpeaking with ſuch ſtrength and certainty of the ſubject in queſtion, I take it for granted, the lady's *heart* is wholly *ſet upon the match*; I do not therefore ſee that your happineſs depends upon ſecrecy. However, ſince you enjoin me to privacy, I will humour your ſingularity ſo far as to obey you.

Adieu!

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs De Grey to Miſs Lascelles.

Prudence Green.

He comes! he comes!—this night he will be here—yes, my dear Lascelles—Carlisle will this *very* night be here; but, perhaps, your brother, his old friend, may have already heard from him. We all wiſh for him with the fondeſt impatience. Even the impetuous Medway acknowledges him to be a man of the fineſt honour in the world. By the bye, Caroline, that Medway is a ſtrange being; I know not what to make of him—he is always begging me to ſmile upon him, and when I *do* ſmile, he whiſpers in my

ear, "huſh! huſh! my dear ſoul, huſh! don't *ſpeak* about it—a ſmile is enough; a ſmile is enough." He came to me yeſterday evening in the garden, and muſt needs change flowers—I agreed to his humour, and he cried out (in a tranſport that almoſt frightened me) "ſuch a little tranſaction as this, with thoſe who act upon terms of honour, binds the bargain as firmly as the bonds of Hymen." He may be a very gallant man, my dear, but he is the ſtrangeſt creature I know, for all that, and though our acquaintance is of two years ſtanding, he is as much a riddle to me as ever. The beſt part of him is, that he is the friend of CARLISLE—*I* am CARLISLE's FRIEND too, but I ſtill enjoin you not to hint this to any creature breathing. A little before I firſt ſaw MEDWAY, I really thought CARLISLE had an affection for me; but

many

many things have concurred ſince, to perſuade me, that I am not only indifferent, but diſagreeable to him. His excurſion to *Italy*, above all other things, confirms this.—Ah, CAROLINE! how can ſo gentle and ſuſceptible a heart as his be inſenſible to—But I have done.

Adieu!

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. De Grey to Captain Carlisle.

Prudence Green.

Welcome, thrice welcome to your native ſhore; welcome to thoſe ſhades which are now blooming at your arrival. I have this minute attended Lord and Lady Blessingbourne, and their nephew the antic Sir Andrew, from their carriage. Medway, alſo, is with us, and your old neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Hewson, with the ſtudious Mr. Gabriel. Lucia ſays, when *you* are come down, we ſhall have quite a company of *contraſts:* there may be, for ought I know, ſome truth in the obſervation;

obſervation; at leaſt, there is a pretty oppoſition in *ſome* of the characters, I am ſure. Mr. GABRIEL is no bad contraſt to Mr. HENRY: Lord BLESSINGBOURNE and his Lady are not amiſs, in the ſame way: LUCIA and Mrs. HEWSON have a marking difference; and I very well know *how* and *where* the diſtinction is to be made betwixt Mr. MEDWAY and Captain CARLISLE. I hope, by the time this reaches you, all impediments to your journey will be paſt, and that I ſhall have it in my power perſonally to aſſure you, with what unalterable truth I am

Your friend and ſervant,

R. DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

OH! joy, joy, give me joy without end, my dear HEATHCOATE! Such game, such fun, such a ſummer is before me, that neither you or I can poſſibly want amuſement. Prudence Place is abſolutely crammed with *the* entertainment which, of all others, you and I moſt adore; even with the pleaſures of *ridicule*. There are no leſs than three originals in the houſe, beſides my uncle and aunt, who, even yet, are not entirely out of date. Here is a farmer who would be a *gentleman*; his wife, beautiful as Venus, who would be a *lady*.

lady. The farmer's brother, who, tho' neither fiſh, fleſh, nor fowl, deſigns to be a ſcholar; and my dear aunt and uncle, who are magnificent, ſuperb, high-bred—*nothings at all*. With ſuch a groupe, (not forgetting that ſon of the ſeven Furies, OLLY MEDWAY) if I don't have ſome precious ſport, and ſend you from time to time ſome ſheets full of *fun*, why then I have loſt my knack, and nature tries to entertain me in vain, this ſummer. That's all I ſay on the ſubject.

As to LUCIA DE GREY, and her dad, they are quite upon the grave order you know, and a man may look at their tempers for twelve months together, without finding a tittle that is ludicrous; ſo that, I fear, we can ſcarce rank any of theſe amongſt our ſources: no matter, ridicule is pregnant in every mother's

ther's child of the *others*, and you may expect to have a diſh of the dear, dear ridiculous (to *me* more palatable than ortolans) at leaſt every ſecond poſt-day. But, heighty-teighty, who have we here! What figure comes prancing down yon avenue, majeſtic as the oaks which ſhade, and debonnair as the ſkies which encanopy it! It gains upon me as I ſurvey it from the window. Thoſe little animals called men, when mounted upon the backs of thoſe larger animals called horſes, are proper objects for the ſportings of ſuch ſpirits as our's, my HEATHCOATE. But, in this *particular inſtance*, in this moſt brilliant exception, there is no hinge whereon to faſten a joke: *this* object looks like a *man* even while he is beſtriding a *beaſt*. His hair is caught by the gale—his proportions charm away the very genius of *burleſque*. I have not a jeſt in my imagination to

throw

throw at him. No fun in *this* viſitor neither! —— He alights —— Zounds, HEATHCOATE, this fellow hath found out the art of diſplaying the graces in getting from his ſtirrup: the very horſe ſeems conſcious of his burthen: he gives a paw of reluctance at quitting him. The family are all flocking about the ſtranger—what prince—what deity is it who can thus attract univerſal attention, and turn *my* deſcriptions out of their accuſtomed channel!

I muſt lay down the pen to enquire.

In Continuation.

HEATHCOATE, could you poſſibly believe it?—The very image of one of my *oldeſt* acquaintances, yea even of my ſchoolfellow (who was a clever fellow when I was a dunce) had quite left me—yes, HEATHCOATE, ſuch improvements are made in every part of *Captain Carliſle's ever*-handſome perſon, that I knew him not, till another of his ornaments (melting from his captivating voice) brought him again into my memory. One would think there could be no great matter of attraction for ſuch a ludicrous being as I, in ſeeing a young man pay compliments to a parcel of people, who were *prepared* for ſuch civility; and yet, by my ſoul, I ſtood gaping

gaping at this ſalutation, as if I was as young a beginner as the HEWSONS. I queſtion, whether the god of Breeding himſelf could have pulled off his hat with ſuch an air—then his attention was ſo properly *diſtributed*—Zounds, HEATHCOATE, his bows went through the very ſouls of the women—But what have *I* to do with *ſuch* a ſubject!—CARLISLE is come to make us all look ugly in the eyes of the wenches, and ſo there is an end of it.—

However, for this diſappointment *one* way, I am reſolved to have full meaſure of revenge *another:* ſince a brighter ſun appears, and *I* can only be in ſhadow, I am determined not to be diſgraced without vengeance. As I cannot *ſhine*, I will *laugh* moſt inordinately; and I here ſwear by the rubied lips of LUCIA DE GREY, that I will enjoy every thing

that ridicule can fairly catch at throughout all the flowery regions of Prudence Place. Neither man nor beaſt ſhall eſcape me, if either leaneth, yea but ever ſo little, to the ludicrous. This vow is ſealed by the ſanction of Jupiter: I nod, and knit my brows upon it.

Your's,

ANDREW FLIGHT.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Captain CARLISLE to GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq.

From Prudence Place.

I AM arrived safe, my dear friend; but freſh embarraſſments riſe before me. I was more affected at the ſight of LUCIA DE GREY than I ought to be. Amidſt all the air of general gaiety, the eyes of MEDWAY were intently fixed on me the whole evening. Much of what is commonly called *fun*, paſſed at the ſupper table, at the expence of two or three fooliſh people, who are out of their element.—Neither MEDWAY, nor LUCIA, partook of this.

The night, however, closed harmoniously; and my return to *Prudence Place* was honoured by a general bumper of Burgundy. But, about ten minutes after the company separated for the night, MEDWAY's valet tapped at my door, and presented the inclosed billet:

To

To Captain CARLISLE.

I CAN'T sleep, Dear CARLISLE, without assuring you that I am now fully satisfied of your conduct. I looked at you for more than two hours, and I don't think you addressed to LUCIA (*my* LUCIA) any glances of *concupiscence.* This is the greatest obligation in the whole world to

Your's,

O. M.

N. B. Hush—Hush.

If

If this proſpect of being perpetually tormented by the vigilant jealouſies of this hot-headed man continues, and if I cannot ſo far maſter my own ſenſibilities on a certain occaſion, my ſtay in this quarter will certainly not be long. It is living under a double impriſonment both of ſoul and body. Nor, till the Marchioneſs is gone, can I, with propriety, repair again to your houſe. The rule of my life hath ever been, not to throw myſelf unneceſſarily into the path of temptation. It is to my *feelings* (which are always poignantly wounded by the leaſt ſhaft of *ſelf-reproach*) as well as to my ſenſe of *religion*, that I owe eſcape from many a miſchief into which I otherwiſe might fall. I pique myſelf a little upon the virtue of making a ſeaſonable *retreat*. My ſenſibility tells me *now*, that I am *here* in danger: I ſhould be, by no means, in a road abſolutely ſafe, if I

were

were with *you*. It will require ſome adroitneſs to diſentangle myſelf. If matters do not mend, I muſt alter my preſent addreſs; although, were my *heart* quite eaſy, I could be well enough amuſed with this motley groupe at Prudence Place, and enter into every inoffenſive levity with the moſt ſerious ſpirit imaginable. You ſee, by the air of my letter, that at preſent I can neither write or ſpeak with certainty of *any thing*. I can only ſay, in general terms, that the joys I anticipated, like moſt things foreſtalled, do not ſparkle in the cup ſo briſkly as I expected; they are daſhed by ſome bitter diſappointments. I have a paſſion fretting my heart, which hath no lawful right to lie in my boſom. I feel it to be the tyrannizing ſerpent;—I ſmart under the ſharpneſs of its tooth, and yet, like the man in the fable, I foſter it. Do you not think, my LAS-

CELLES,

CELLES, that LUCIA's paſſion for the boiſterous *Medway*, is a little inconſiſtent with that uncommon delicacy and *gentleneſs* which ſeem to mark her own mind? But there is nothing ſo idle as an attempt to decypher the hieroglyphics of love. Mr. MEDWAY is the man of her choice; Mr. MEDWAY is, therefore, not to be queſtioned upon the ſubject of his *ſucceſs*.

I am your's,

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

GEORGE LASCELLES, Eſq; to Captain CARLISLE.

(Previous to receiving the above.)

IT touches me very nearly to be ſo ſoon under a neceſſity of tranſmitting to you a letter from our fair lady, which, if I may judge from the air of anger with which it was given, does not contain the ſentiments of a quiet diſpoſition. Previous to your coming here the other night, I ſaw through the little artifice of her *dreſſing at you* in full taſte: it brought to my mind that ſweet line of the poet:

"Now aweful beauty puts on all her charms."

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding this, you had fortitude of *reſiſtance* ſuperior even to her *beauty*. How you are able to do theſe things is wonderful: for my part, I fairly confeſs, if I knew any lady, of any country, half ſo lovely, and half ſo longing, I certainly ſhould ſuffer any little *ſcruples* I might have to be ſoon over-ruled; and were it in my power to make ſuch a woman happy, happy ſhe ſhould be. As to the Marchioneſs, ſhe hath fire enough in her eyes even to talk down the continence of an anchorite. Not that I blame your virtue, or accuſe your taſte. No, my dear CARLISLE, I admire both; I look up to the one with envy, to the other with deſpair. But this is no time either for comment or compliment: the Marchioneſs's letters to you ought inſtantly to be forwarded, ſince, from the peculiar *violence* of her temper, a moment's delay might produce the moſt diſagreeable

diſagreeable conſequences. My ſiſter wiſhes every hour for the Marquis's letter, although it is impoſſible he ſhould get *your's* for ſome time. The two ladies parted from each other yeſterday in tears. I am not yet maſter of the meaning. CAROLINE's confidence is impregnable; unleſs ſhe thinks it *right* to diſcloſe any matter, her deareſt friends would not be let into the ſecret.

Farewell.

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER XXXI.

The Marchioneſs to Captain CARLISLE.

HAVE I not ſufficient cauſe to curſe my fate, that hath left me without one ſolid reaſon to ſanctify my affection? Have I not reaſon too, to curſe that barbarous father, who ſacrificed me to the moſt hateful man upon earth—who ſold me for a title which I deſpiſe, and to embraces which are bitter to me as the bonds of death? The great, the counterbalancing arguments, Mr. CARLISLE, are all on your ſide, and therefore my pleadings are all againſt the tide. But I ſee all that is to happen—you will never ſee me more—you refuſe me your direction—you will have your

London

London apartments—your friends will grow weary of me, and I ſhall be in utter deſpair. Ah! what a foundation have I for ſuch ſuſpicions! How cuttingly cold was the air with which you laſt addreſſed me! How cautiouſly cruel your civility!—You took my hand, but it trembled as if at the touch of infection, while mine, on the contrary, throbbed with a violence that denoted the agitations of my heart. Your whole diſcourſe was *general*; or, if it ever became *particular*, it turned upon my huſband—the moſt deteſted of all ſubjects. But this was not enough; you dare not truſt yourſelf with me alone: I am reduced to ſuch infamy that it was neceſſary to converſe with me in the preſence of a third perſon; that third perſon, too, muſt needs be a *woman*. But you were deceived: I did not in that complotted interview ſhew

myſelf ſo abandoned as you expected: I was conſcious of the deepneſs of the triumph, and I fell before it. My ſituation is not even yet, perhaps, quite eraſed from your memory. You recollect ſome part of my confuſion. I conjure you, however, Mr. CARLISLE, by love, and I charge you by what is due to diſtreſs, not to inſult her whom you cannot redreſs. Pity is at leaſt my due, and when you are not diſpoſed to beſtow that, for honour's ſake, do not ſubſtiture contempt. Pray what is to become of the unfortunate

AUGUSTA N****?

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs DE GREY to Miſs LASCELLES.

OH, my beloved CAROLINE! Mr. CARLISLE is at our houſe, and yet I am more wretched than I was before his arrival. He certainly deteſts me. He ſpeaks in form, and though he can never loſe his politeneſs, which is a part of his very nature, yet he has wholly loſt his friendſhip. How can I poſſibly have forfeited this? We were bred up together, you know, CAROLINE; always in the ſame houſe, for ſome time in the ſame cradle: it is to CARLISLE I owe my early reliſh for reading, and every better ornament. Nothing could poſſibly be more cordial, or more familiar,

liar, than we were formerly. Wherefore hath he robbed me of his attention—of his *brotherly* attention?—But, I ſuppoſe he hath been fortunate in his *Italian attachments*—the friendſhips of a warmer clime are, doubtleſs, more attracting and more animated. I know not what to think. Certainly, Mr. CARLISLE never gave me reaſon to imagine I was more in his eſteem *than—than—than—*. But why do I talk, CAROLINE? he abſolutely does every thing but flatly ſhun me.

To increaſe my vexation, that tireſome wretch MEDWAY becomes more ſtrange than ever. Half an hour ago he put into my hand the nonſenſe I incloſe:

" *To the faireſt and faithfulleſt.*"

" If it was neceſſary for people of honour to make ſpeeches, I could make many about your good ſenſe, &c.—But enough upon that ſubject—Let not the tell-tale goſſips of the air talk of my whereabout: ſilence has the moſt meaning: I hate noiſe. I write this to tell you that I had no objection to your laughing laſt night at the HEWSONS—though, had any *man* breathing laughed half ſo much at me, I would have ſent him upon a meſſage to the moon—but, no matter—huſh—it is to my content that you ſhould be as pleaſant as you pleaſe—Burn this—walls have ears—worms have eyes—You underſtand me.

O. M."

Surely

Surely the man is a fool; but I am in no humour to comment on his abſurdity —For Heaven's ſake write, CAROLINE, to

Your very unhappy

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

HA! Ha! Ha! Ha!—Oh laugh, thou divine cure for every care; thou celeſtial convulſion, let me enjoy thee; and let me at the ſame time ſhew my generoſity, by ſharing thee with my friend!

I have laid a plot, my friend, *ſuch* a plot as will enſure thy felicity for a month: you are to have two new correſpondents, ſuch as before never honoured thee, and I beg thou will pay proper reſpect, and make thy reſponſes in due and decent form. Not a word more

more till thou heareſt farther of this matter from another quarter. In the mean time let me end as I began, with one of thoſe ever-delicious *burſts of the ſoul*, which mark the conſtitution of.

Your

ANDREW FLIGHT.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

SIR,

I HAVE juſt been informed that you take a liberal delight, and a generous joy, in being a witneſs to the progreſs of any gentleman's inſtruction; and the worthy Sir ANDREW, with *affability ineffable*, and *complaiſance correſponding*, has aſſured me, that you are of opinion the talents will receive a *quicker* poliſh from *letter-writing*, or, the *art epiſtolary*, than even by reading or converſing: he adds, that although my improvements have been conſiderable, they would make double impreſſion, by being

being communicated in writing to an ingenious *abſent* perſon. Now, Sir, it happens that I am thought to be the moſt enlightened man of my acquaintance, which I ſhould account unlucky, was I not comforted by the idea given me by Sir ANDREW, of finding in you, Sir, a perſon who will kindly receive my ſentiments upon breeding, as I am enabled to pick them up from time to time. I ſhall enjoy by theſe means a double honour and advantage; and I wait only for your kind permiſſion to commence.

I am, Sir, moſt profoundly,

Your obedient

GABRIEL HEWSON.

P. S.

My brother is ſetting pen to paper, or at leaſt *deſigns* ſo to do ſoon, for a ſimilar honour.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Lord BLESSINGBOURNE.

My very good Lord,

I HAVE a mind to try my hand at a *'piſtle* nearer *home*, before I venture abroad; juſt as your Lordſhip may have ſeen a parcel of young birds fly a few yards backwards and forwards upon the neighbouring hedges, before they are ſo bold as to loſe ſight of their neſt. This I find by your nephew is a *ſimularius*, ſo that you ſee I have got ſomething already. But the meaning of my writing to your Lordſhip is, as I *ha'* got a correſpondent for ſelf, that I may

get one for my HETTY, who is ſo much improved ſince ſhe came to *Prudunce Pleace*, that ſhe'd be hang'd as ſoon as write to any thing under a gentlewoman of the *bettermoſt ſpecie*. Now I think your Lady is of this genii: ſo I write, unknown to HETT, that I may get your leave for *ſhe* to write to *ſhe*; whereof the honour would be clear as the noon-tide. Pray put your reply to this privately into my hand, when we next walk, for ſake of the genteel thing, up and down the garden. Mean time know me to be what I *am*,

Your's,

H. HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

BETTER and better ſtill! the gudgeons bite this warm weather at Prudence Place moſt glorioufly. Every minute teems with ridicule. I have played off that *heavieſt of the Hewſon lump*, Mr. *Henry*, upon my *uncle*, yea even upon the pompous muſcles of Lord BLESSINGBOURNE, to whom the farmer hath written in form, juſt to *get into's fiſt*, as he elegantly phraſes it. I ſpirited him up to this, and ſo contrived it, that the letter ſhould be given to his Lordſhip exactly at the proper criſis—even while he was at a magnificent tête-

à-tête with my Lady upon that conſtant ſubject of theirs, the dignity of rank and family. I took care alſo to enter his room, by the way of morning *devoir*, juſt as the epiſtle was delivered—No coronet at the top of the ſeal—and yet—the ſcrawling and *genteel up-and-down of the ſuperſcription* is politely illegible enough, to come from *ſomebody* of *rank*, ſays the Earl—Doſt thou know the hand, my Lady—No indeed, my Lord—It is not in my liſt of hands—If it approaches towards *any* of my correſpondents—continues my lady—it is the Counteſs of Cannotſpell. In my opinion, my Lady, ſaid I, it bears ſtrong marks of the Ducheſs of Letterblot; that copious command of capitals in the L.O.R.D. looks aſtoniſhingly like the finger and thumb of her Grace.—Whew, ſays my uncle, there's no poſt-marks: I can't poſſibly account for this, my Lady. Ten

to one, uncle, replied I, the contents will unravel the myſtery in a moment; that is to ſay, if the writing is not *too faſhionable*.

His Lordſhip broke the ſeal which Mr. HENRY told me he once valued much, it being the exact effigy of the fineſt greyhound bitch that ever *nabbled the ſcut of a hare*—None of *my* friends faſten letters, nephew, with the engraving of a *dog*——

Heaven and family-honours, exclaims my never-to-be-forgotten uncle, what have we here, with *my very good Lord* at the top, and *your H. Hewſon* at the bottom? H. HEWSON! Pray, who is this familiar Mr. H. HEWSON? I ſuffer no freedoms from ſuch pens as theſe.

No, indeed, don't you, ſaid my Lady.

Suffer *me* to read it to you, my Lord, ſaid I; I can't poſſibly conceive the meaning of it.

I read it, HEATHCOATE, and gave it all its graces. It was not without great difficulty the angry Earl *ſat it out*. His comments were exquiſite. I incloſe the original, on purpoſe that you may compare a few of them—a *ſimularius!* cried his Lordſhip, what does the fellow mean by that? *Prudunce Pleace:* and pray, how could Mr. DE GREY, at his grave time of life, admit ſuch a creature as this to *Prudunce Pleace?* *Prudunce Pleace*, rejoined my Lady; oh! the illiterate—ha! ha! ha!

I went on, but was ſoon ſtopped again. A woman of *the bettermoſt ſpecie*, a *lady*

a *lady of this genii*, and, *for ſhe to write to ſhe*—did you ever hear ſuch impudence, ſaid I, my Lord?

Impudence, replied my Lady! Pray, nephew, order my coach this very day. Does *Mr.* De Grey (who, though a very worthy man, is only a *Mr.*) imagine we are to be inſulted by *rifraff*, whom he thinks fit to make our *equals?* They may, perhaps, be equals for a *Mr.* but they are no proper company for perſons whoſe names move upon a *different conſtruction.*

That's very true, aunt, ſaid I, and it's perfectly unpardonable in that little, low-minded monoſyllable *Mr.* to behave thus rudely to names of a nobler ſound, and a different conſtruction. *Mr.* indeed! I ſhould not have thought of it!

Don't

Don't be witty, ANDREW, neither, ſays my aunt.

Madam, your Ladyſhip does me wrong, ſaid I, I deſpiſe *Mr.* as cordially as your Ladyſhip, and I even bought *Sir Andrew*, that I might never have any thing more to do with him. *Mr.* quotha!

Be that as it may, nephew, rejoined my Lord (riſing upon his toes, and ſwelling out his breaſt, as is uſual with him when he feels the *might* of any ſentiment) be that, I ſay, as it may—— You very well know the *ſtock* from whence our family ſprung. You very very well know, that we have not a plebeian particle about us; and though it is very true you bought *Sir Andrew* with my money, on account of my abhorrence of *Mr.* yet you have the beſt of

of blood in your veins.—Yes, nephew, I will take upon me to ſay, with very little exaltation of voice, you have the beſt blood. Heaven, and family-honours, here's uſage indeed!

Thank Heaven and my noble-blooded anceſtors, my Lord, nobody better, ſaid I.

The veins of your aunt are not leſs dignified——

Senſible of that, my Lord, ſaid I, her Ladyſhip's fine blood ſhines beſide her fair complexion, like the violet that groweth among the lillies of the valley.

Not amiſs, ſaid my uncle, ſimpering!

Pſhaw, you madcap, cried my aunt, patting my ſhoulder, and looking at the

the back of her hand, after gently rubbing it.

Hang it, rejoined my uncle, forgetting for a moment his dignity, this poor H. Hewson means no harm after all; he is a poor ſimple thing.

An unfortunate fiſh out of water, you may ſee by all his actions, ſaid I, and I dare ſay thinks he has lived upon ſhore long enough, ſince he has had the honour to write a letter to Lord and Lady Blessingbourne.

Do you think ſo, nephew? cried my uncle and aunt (tickled by the flattery); well, then, let us not be offended: let the affair drop.

I do really think, my Lord, rejoined I, if you were to write him an *anſwer*, you

you would make the poor fellow feel, as if he were in Heaven.

Anſwer him, ſaid my Lord; what can I ſay to ſuch a being?

Say ſomething, however, ſaid my Lady, to the poor devil.

My uncle ordered the writing apparatus; and after as much writing as might have been neceſſary to lay the plot of a comedy, he wrote upon a large gilt card, in a hand very little better than HEWSON'S, the following ſentiments:

To H. Hewson.

The Earl and Countess of Blessingbourne received H. Hewson's letter, containing a simularius, and several other curiosities, worthy the pen of such a genii as H. Hewson. As H. Hewson's Hett. is, it seems, a person of the *bettermost specie*, the Earl and Countess have no objection to *she writing to she*, as often as *she* chooses. As Sir Andrew Flight, who is, it appears, H. Hewson's friend, conveys this card, there is no occasion to watch any *slyer* opportunity to get it to H. Hewson's hand. The Earl and Countess have only to desire H. Hewson will not boast of this honour received from them, and to address them in *public* as little as possible, at least till he and his Hett. are *bettermost persons*.

This card, HEATHCOATE, penn'd ſo exactly to my wiſh, after being ſealed with a flouriſh of the beſt wax, and ſtamped with the broad BLESSINGBOURNE arms, capped with a coronet, and decorated with ſupporters, was delivered to my care.

I carried it to the farmer-gentleman, whom I found diſputing the point of politeneſs with that beautiful piece of ignorance his wife.—She was pleaſed to be hugely offended by the contents of his Lordſhip's card, and declared, that Mr. HEWSON writ without her knowledge.—As to acquaintances, ſhe had plenty—that ſhe wrote every night to Miſs DE GREY, and choſe to owe her improvements to her own ingenuity.

Then it's not my fault, cried the huſband; you will bear me witneſs, Sir

ANDREW, I have done *my* duty; 'tis none of my ſeeking that ſhe won't *borreſpond* with a Ladyſhip, and a Counteſs: as for *my* part, I am not above getting all I can out of high and low; ſo I ſhall write juſt as I ſee *caſſion*, either to my Lord or Maiſter HEATHCOATE. And now you talk *o'that*, I muſt go *ſcheme* out a letter for the laſt-named *borreſpondent* directly.

Away he went, and I enjoyed the ſociety of his HETT. all alone. She is abſolutely a more charming woman, in my eyes, HEATHCOATE, even than LUCIA DE GREY; nor does ſhe want ſenſe, if ſhe was not ſo conſumedly addicted to admire every thing which you and I deſpiſe. But her beauty—her lips—eyes—neck—cheſt—waiſt—arm—cheek—boſom—ancle——

I am, your's,

ANDREW FLIGHT.

LETTER XXXVII.

Captain CARLISLE to GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq.

I HAVE had a very fooliſh accident happen to aggravate the uneaſineſs of the Marchioneſs's laſt letter. It is in itſelf a trifle, yet the conſequence to my *peace* will make it important to you. Sir ANDREW FLIGHT was playing off his witticiſms and waggeries upon the ignorance of ſome country ſimpletons that are now at the *Place*, when I became ſo weary of his vociferous amuſement; for where is the pleaſure of ſporting with inexperience —that I withdrew to Mr. DE GREY's garden, unobſerved, or at leaſt uninterrupted, by the company. MEDWAY

was watching his fiſhing-rod: Lord BLESSINGBOURNE was withdrawn to his chamber for his afternoon's nap. Mr. DE GREY's garden is exceedingly large, and part of it is diſpoſed into a wilderneſs, whoſe zig-zag is ſo intricate that you may ſometimes have your whole proſpect terminated by a yard's diſtance. The ſurrounding foliage, too, is of the thickeſt growth, being ſuffered to expand for ſeveral years, receiving from the gardener, from time to time, only ſuch cares and loppings as to render the beautiful confuſion more agreeable. Seats and bowers, apparently artificial, with here and there a dripping grotto, are diſtributed irregularly, and the ſhades are every where ſo abundant, that the ſun-beams rather cheer you by *ſtealth*, than by permiſſion. I have, for my own part, an attachment—a ſort of ſentimental friendſhip, and good-will, for every

every bench, and for every tree: they were all favourites of my infancy: I ſat upon the benches, and I caught inſtruction from the lips of Mr. De Grey, under the trees. This, therefore, was the firſt time of my hailing them ſince my return. Believe me, I felt ſenſations that thrilled me, as I re-viſited the places of my accuſtomed contemplation; I bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they were animate. I walked along the green meander, recognizing my old acquaintances; I liſtened to birds whoſe notes I affected to be *intimate* with my ear, as if they iſſued from the ſame warblers I had heard formerly. I complimented the caſcades upon an *improved* melody in their cadence: every breeze that played upon every leaf, revived the balmy pleaſures of infancy. Even intercourſe with other countries (not odorous Italy herſelf) had not been able to

ſupplant the *tenderneſs* I bore to the vernal beauties of Prudence Place.

Ah, LASCELLES! what could be the reaſon of this? Preſently I came to an alcove, which was originally the architecture of two children, who grew up together. It was a whole week's labour, divided betwixt Miſs DE GREY and your CARLISLE: our little hands twiſted the twigs, formed the archings, and ſubdued the obſtinate ſhrubs with inconceivable induſtry. Many a time we reſted from the toil, and, as often being delighted with our progreſs, we renewed it. When it was compleated, we gave —oh, I ſhall never forget it—a kiſs of tendereſt congratulation, as at having finiſhed a work of *infinite importance*. Big with this innocent flattery, we ran, hand in hand, to our guardian, and with elated hearts bade him ſurvey well

our

our workmanſhip. The gravity with which he commended, and his affected aſtoniſhment at our *ingenuity*, gave the laſt and fulleſt ſtroke of our pride and vanity. Over the entrance, our guardian cauſed to be imprinted upon a label, in golden letters, this ſoothing intelligence to the ſtranger:

This Bower was raiſed by Clement and Lucia.

The robin-redbreaſt built in it the next, the *very* next year, and we had then, you know, the beſt reaſon in the world to think that Heaven itſelf was pleaſed with our amuſement. The neſt, you may be ſure, was preſerved, for both piety and pity were concerned in its protection. We trod with caution while the *ſacred* bird was hatching: the whole feathered family preſently took wing; and I do verily believe I hear one of them now whiſtling near my window. Oh,

Oh, LASCELLES! how ſoon is the heart that wiſhes to be inoffenſive, lulled by little circumſtances! Smile not, then, if I tell you, that I ſaw with tranſport the names of LUCIA and CLEMENT ſtill legible on their bower—the branches of ſweetbriar, on either ſide, were eagerly extending as if to embrace—and I beheld the initials of my name very *recently* cut in the rind of a hawthorn, that formed one of the ſupports of our alcove.

What ſweet circumſtances — how they melt the heart! cried I.

At that moment the ſofteſt-tuned voice in the world repeated diſtinctly the following verſes, from her favourite poet:

"In

" In theſe deep ſolitudes, and aweful cells,
Where heav'nly penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart it's long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I *love*, from ABELARD it came,
And ELOISA yet muſt kiſs the name."

You are not to be told it was LUCIA DE GREY. In the next inſtant ſhe paſſed within ſight of me, the book ſtill in her hand. Unprepared on both ſides for the ſurprize, we were inexpreſſibly confuſed. Beautiful lines, Miſs DE GREY, ſaid I. Yes, indeed, replied ſhe. I think, Miſs DE GREY, in a former part of our life we uſed frequently to read the charming Mr. POPE *together*—In this very garden, Mr. CARLISLE; do you recollect your old bower, ſaid ſhe? If I miſtake not, Madam, ſaid I—Madam, CLEMENT? Madam,

Mr.

Mr. CARLISLE? replied ſhe, as if a little offended. I ſay, continued I, Miſs DE GREY, if I remember right, *this* is that bower. You had almoſt forgot it, then, Mr. CARLISLE, had you? I ſuppoſe *Italy* (the garden of the univerſe) hath put all our *Engliſh* roſes quite out of countenance: Prudence Place is, to be ſure, a mere nettle-bed.—Ah, no, Madam! (ſaid I, upon the edge of an explanation, but happily checking myſelf in time) though certainly Italy hath its charms. Oh, no doubt of it, replied LUCIA; but I believe, Sir, the company will have loſt their chief felicity by your abſence. I hear Mr. *Medway* coming; I know his rapid, random ſtep; and I dare ſay his errand is from the deſerted ſociety to the runaway Captain CARLISLE. If you pleaſe, Miſs DE GREY, we will retire, then. I will juſt finiſh my poem and follow you, Sir.

We

We parted. 'Tis evident ſhe loves MEDWAY to diſtraction, LASCELLES — She *knows his ſtep*.—He was then in ſearch of her, *doubtleſs, by her appointment*.—I wiſh them happy—very, very happy. But my head aches; my heart is not quite well; and I muſt wiſh you a good night.

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. TOWNSEND.

CONFUSION, TOWNSEND! I have diſcovered the plot—I have got a clue to the whole matter. I am, I perceive, a very catſpaw. I am made the convenient cloak to conceal the paſſion of *another*. Yes, TOWNSEND, I ſaw CARLISLE at the very fartheſt end of DE GREY's garden in earneſt converſation with LUCIA: at my approach he turned into a different walk, and went into the houſe. I overtook the guilty fair one, and caught her in the very act of reading ELOISA to ABELARD; which is as much as to ſay, if I can't talk with him, I can at leaſt *write a letter* to him; and

and I dare say they do correspond: every body in this family scribbles, and I don't at all doubt but there is fine flourishing penwork going forward between LUCIA and CARLISLE. As to the first, I only walked quickly *by* her, without deigning to *speak*, and I pulled off my hat with unusual respect, as much as to say—Oh, oh, my young lady, have I caught you! I shall repeat the same behaviour when I meet her again, and then it is impossible she should mistake my meaning. With respect to the Captain, whom I honour as a friend and gentleman, in every *other* matter, his life is not worth sixpence, for he must as surely die this night, as that he insulted me this day; or else he must injure me still more, by taking me off. I only write this to you, TOWNSEND, just to account for any delay in my correspondence, should it be *my* fate

instead of *his*. In that case I desire you will be at the breaking open my will, because you are mentioned therein, by

Your old friend,

OLIVER MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

From the Same to Captain CARLISLE.

NOT a word more than is neceſſary ſhall be uſed. I ſuppoſe you know the little green lane at the ſouth ſide of DE GREY's paddock—the *farthest* end of it is out of the report of a piſtol's getting to the ear of the family—ſix yards the diſtance—twelve the hour—LUCIA the word—you underſtand me—mum—good evening. Huſh.

O. MEDWAY.

LETTER XLI.

Captain CARLISLE, in Anſwer.

I SHALL certainly give you the meeting, MEDWAY, in the hope of convincing you, that the chance of duelling might be poor ſatisfaction to a man who has, as you have, all the reaſon in the world to think himſelf moſt tenderly beloved by ſuch a woman as Miſs DE GREY. However, if you chooſe to hazard the continuance of this bleſſing, which at preſent you ſo fully enjoy, why, take your own way, and do not blame

Your obedient ſervant,

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Mr. MEDWAY to Captain CARLISLE.

MY dear Captain, I would not now die for the world: nor would I have *you* die: it is plain, then, to *you*, that I am *tenderly beloved*; and ſince you are, as well as I, convinced, I fully enjoy this bleſſing, what in the devil's name ſhould I run my neck into danger for? So, ſhe *told* you as much. How ſhy all the ſex to the men they love, when they have a mind to it! But 'tis nature: pray, my dear boy, go to bed—ſleep heartily—don't come near me—I won't be met—I ſhall go to bed.

myſelf—I am a jealous fool—whew, whew.—There, there; the fit's over. Good night.

O. MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Miſs LASCELLES to Miſs DE GREY.

I SYMPATHIZE moſt tenderly with my deareſt Miſs DE GREY: yet, ſurely, ſhe makes to herſelf more miſery than is neceſſary; it is impoſſible for Captain CARLISLE to be ſo intimately acquainted with LUCIA's charms and virtues without admiring them; and, as to any *Italian* attachments, I think I can take upon *me* to ſay, he is bound by none of thoſe. Perhaps ſome *uneaſineſs* may look like *diſreſpect* in him at preſent. Depend upon it, all will in a little time be happy; in which aſſur-

ance

ance it is that I venture to ſay you are much happier than ſome women. It is with pleaſure I ſubſcribe the name of

Your affectionate

CAROLINE LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

TRIUMPH, more triumph, HEATHCOATE! I have got a treasure! In a close lane, as I pursued my walk, I found the paper which I inclose: it is evidently the property of the pretty would-be bred Mrs. HEWSON, and is so much in the true taste of that burlesque we love (although so seriously *intended*) that I esteem it the most invaluable essay upon the *elements of high life* in the world. Read and re-inclose it, for it will serve a purpose now forming in the bosom of

Your ever happy

ANDREW FLIGHT.

The incloſed.

My Note-Book of Manners,
To be read by me every evening going to bed.

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

Memorandums and Notes, &c.

Mem.—Miſs DE GREY always ſips her wine ſoftly.

Note.—It is unlike a lady to drink *heartily*, as if one were adry.

Mem.—Miſs D. G. inclines the head a little *tiny bit* on one ſide, when ſhe returns thanks. 'Tis charming.

Mem.—Lady BLESSINGBOURNE half cloſes her eye-lids, and does not chooſe to *ſee too plainly*. Strong eyes vulgar.

Note.

Note.—Very like a gentlewoman to be ſhort-ſighted.

Mem.—Miſs D. G. never lets her hands *drop down.*

Note.—It makes them red ſo to do. Hands ſhould not ſink below the bottom of the waiſt.

Mem.—Miſs D. G. ſpeaks low and ſweet.

Note.—Very rude for any thing *under a Counteſs* to talk at the top of the voice. A Dutcheſs may uſe a great bad word.

Mem.—Lady B. takes ſnuff—Miſs D. G. does not. Counteſſes may ſnuff.

Note.

Note.—Horrid for any body *under a title*, or under forty years of age, to indulge in ſnuff; but they may hold it up to the noſe, in order to ſhew a pretty hand, and *affect* to take it.

Mem.—Miſs D. G. ſteps modeſtly, and with an eaſy motion: Lady B. wriggles and totters.——Lovely weaknesſes!

Note.—Inconceivably polite to totter and wriggle. I can hardly hold my peace. Lordy, how I will toster! how I will wriggle!

Mem.—Knife and fork ſweetly held by Miſs D. G.

Note.—I attend too much to the victuals, and not enough to the manner of cutting and putting it into my mouth.

Mem.

Mem.—Lady B. paſſed yeſterday by a tradeſman of her's, and did not ſee him.

Note.—Highly polite to *overlook an inferior.*

Mem.—A young perſon ſaluted her Ladyſhip this morning with a curteſy down to the ground. The *perſon* had, formerly, been waiting-woman to her Ladyſhip: her Ladyſhip had not the *faineſt recollection of ever having ſeen her before.* The words *bleſs me, who ſhould that thing be,* very proper on ſuch occaſions.

Note.—Exceedingly genteel not to *recollect obſcure creatures.*

Mem.—I actually heard the Counteſs hawk, ſpit into her handkerchief, and

then *look at it.*—Mis D. G. never gives more than a gentle *hem*, and then half turns away her head, ſo that when you again ſee her face, you ſee it tinged with a bluſh.

Note.—Very faſhionable for perſons of quality to do that which would ill become Miſſes. I believe I muſt never venture to ſpit; but I do more than *hem* now.

Mem.—Lady B.'s countenance always encourages certain innuendoes — well-bred indecencies.

Note.—Charmingly polite to be above *ſhyneſs*—a great defect in Miſs D. G. who is always ſerious, holds down her head, and *won't hear* on theſe occaſions.

Mem.

Mem.—The Counteſs frequently cants one leg over the other, and ſits in that poſture. Miſs D. G. ſcarce ſhews her ancle, although it is finely turned. She has not yet got the better of prejudices.

Note.—Faſhion gives a freedom to the limbs.

Mem.—Miſs D. G. ſits upright, and attends too much to her ſhape. The Counteſs lolls careleſly, and leans upon her arm.

Note.—Nothing ſhews breeding more than a loll, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. HEATHCOATE, Eſq;

ESQUIRE HEATHCOATE,

GIVE every man his title and dignification, as Lord BLESSINGBOURNE ſays, therefore I begin my *horreſpondunce* with you, at the inſtigation of Sir ANDREW, with calling you Eſquire, which is certainly your due, ſeeing you are out of trade, and do *nothing at all for your livelyhood.* I am to write what I get in the way of breedin, it ſeems, to you, which is a thing pleaſing, ſeeing that you muſt, without doubt, be a maſter of the buſineſs.

But

But I believe I ſhall have a weariſome ſpell o'work on't, before I am as I ſhould be: caſe why? there goes more to the making an honeſt man a gentleman than I had at firſt any *ideerer* of. I ha' been *i'th'way on't* only three or four days, and I can ſee, already, *t'an't* to be run up, as a man would run up a rick of hay. Ods woundlikins, Eſquire HEATHCOATE, there is no end on't. But howſomever, to ſhew you that I am not quite a *numſcull*, I'll juſt mention a few matters that I ha' got in memory, which is as thof one were to call it a ſtorehouſe to lay by things for future uſe. In the firſt place you muſt underſtand, that I ſee plain enough that the firſt rule of your *bettermoſt* perſon is to make a bit of a pleaſant grin come into's *phiſhog* whenever he firſt meets any one, as much as to ſignify, that he knows how to carry his head. In the next

place, I find 'tis proper to make up this bit of a grin at firſt ſight, whether you like the man or not. Caſe why? a gentleman ſhould not ſhew that he is cuſs'd angry, *cept* upon *caſſion* of intereſt, ſeeing that *plitneſs* knows how to ſmile i'th' face, while it puts finger in pocket. 3dly, I ha' noticed, that the leſs a man puts *hat* on's head, the better: Caſe why? it's the ſooner doff'd without pinching out the corners; beſides which, its *plite* to carry powder and *pummadum* enough to keep the cranium comfortable without it. I find a ſtrange *difculty*, Eſquire, in getting my foot into the right ſlide of *plitneſs*; for, I perceives head and foot dive together—*out* goes foot, *down* goes head: this is a cuſs'd crankum piece of buſineſs. Saving your preſence, I can't ſee the fun of bowing and ſcraping *too*: nay, ifack, what do I talk of that? ſome here, at

Prudunce

Prudunce Pleace muſt needs kiſs their hands, and then ſwing 'em out at the ſame time. The young *Captain* does this; aye, Eſquire, young CARLISLE's hands, head, and heels, all work at once, as ſmooth and cutely as a bird i'th' air. I'd give almoſt more than I'm worth, if I could but wriggle out the hinder part o'me, juſt like Lord BLESSINGBOURNE: when *he* firſt comes into room, I warrant me, he does nothing but *treat* and *vance*, ſhuffle and cut, and go backwards and forwards, ſticking out his rump, and *craning* his fine, thin, long, meagre, nine-haired head, which I find is the *pliteſt* head a man can have. Yet he knows who's to have a wriggle of the bum, and who not, too: I warrant you he is a cute one: he don't gig and drop his fine *plite* head to every body alike: no, believe me; he has the meaſure of what's

every

every man's due, from the Duke to the ſtable-boy. Down goes his genteel head quite on's breaſt, to Captain CARLISLE; but when I puts in for a bit of civility, I can't get his neck to move downward half ſo civilly—Caſe why? I am but a poor fellow juſt come among *plite ſpecie*. But I don't allow myſelf any 'vantages; for though I ha' put on the beſt ſuit to my back, *t'an't* at all the thing. Sir ANDREW ſays my wig is enough to ruin me for ever, if there were nothing elſe in the way. 'Tis as good a bob as ever was bought, and ſits as ſnugly to *feace*; but, alas! what's a bob where you ſhan't ſee any thing under a bag, and that *flourididdled* with ribbons and *toſſicums?* Young CARLISLE, indeed, lets *his* hair fly to and fro, juſt as he and the wind can ſettle it: Caſe why? he has ſo much on't, and 'tis ſo well coloured, and twirls itſelf off into

ſuch

ſuch ringlets, that *he* is *plite* any way. I ha' beſpoke a bag, though I know *afore-hand* 'twill make a devil o'me, and ſo I told GAB, who is to ha' the fellow on't. Comfort, tho', that I can't look worſe than GAB when I'm bag'd, bag me when they will. For at any rate, I ha' gotten fleſh on my feace, and a little jot of colour i'my cheeks to ſet it off, as well as a ſtout pair of ſhoulders; whereas GAB has wernetted all the fleſh off's bones by larning. Without a word of a joke, Eſquire, I don't believe GAB has a pound of ſubſtance on's whole *carkiſs*; and as *to's jaws*, has no more meat upon them than upon the bill of chicken: his back is quite a *ſkelitum*; and though his hair is no bad raven-colour, yet it grows ſo cuſs'd *odd on's head*, and is ſo *lankum rat-eaten'um*, as a body might

ſay,

ſay, if they were mind to talk larned, that I would not gee frap of a finger *for's whole growth.* But now I'm upon good breeding, Eſquire, I deſire to know whether a trick I ſaw Lord BLESSINGBOURNE (who is ever *acold*) *do* to-day 'fore men, women, and children, is the *common practiſe* of your bettermoſt ſpecie: that is, ſtanding with bumfiddle to fire with coat up, and now and then popping hand *below* waiſtband. Mayhap, my Lord mayn't be quite ſo *well* as he would be thereabouts, juſt at preſent; and it may be a comfort *to'un* to feel now and then how matters go; for which reaſon I won't venture upon this action till I know whether 'tis a general thing or not. Not that I diſlike it, but that juſt yet it ſeems aukward to ſuch an ignorant *feller* as I.

Nothing

Nothing i'th'way of breeding more, at preſent—But I ha' filled my paper, which I take to be always the *plite* thing. So I reſt, at the bottom of the ſheet,

Your

HENRY HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Mr. De Grey to Mr. Carlisle.

Prudence Place.

My beſt and deareſt Carlisle muſt pardon the formality of receiving an old friend's letter, dated, written, and directed from the ſame houſe that contains both the writer and reader of it. The reaſon is, Prudence Place is at this time ſo crouded with different ſorts of people, and one has ſo little opportunity to ſteal leiſure for converſation of the *higher kind*, that I do not imagine a ſubject which is at this criſis ſo very warm at my heart, can be ſo well or ſo explicitly handled as upon paper.

paper. So much for the apology: I come now to the *matter*.—The days, the months, the years of *tuition* are now paſt—thoſe ſeaſons, my CLEMENT, in which I had the honour and the happineſs (for it was both) to point out to you the paths of propriety and of virtue, are over; for the *Pupil* is even already, at the moſt early age of twenty-one, become the *Preceptor*: he is the *Tutor of Truth*: he hath already got orphans and widows under his guardianſhip — the nobleſt of all guardianſhip, my CLEMENT—the guardianſhip of *Senſibility*. I *thank* you, Sir, for doing me ſo much honour. When you left this country for ITALY, I did not imagine there was room for improvement; you were amiable, polite, and prudent; as free from pedantry, on the one hand, as from diſſipation and the diſtracted joys of an overgrown boy, on the other. Yet, on

my firſt beholding you, the other day, I was ſtruck with an *additional* finiſhing, an elegant *compleatneſs*, which, though not before ſeeming to be wanted, was, as it *now* appears, abſolutely neceſſary. Forgive the garrulous vanity of an old man, Sir; forgive me, if I lodge, with all the narrative tedioufneſs of age, a little longer on this part of the ſubject. There are circumſtances, which *allow* us to ſwell out the heart, without making it ridiculous. You, Sir, occaſion in me a pride of this nature. Some men's ambition, in the laſt ſtate of life, is gratified by walking, or rather hobbling, into their fields and gardens, to recognize thoſe flouriſhing ſhades which are the produce of their own cultivation. I have heard a veteran neighbour of mine, a thouſand times exclaim,—See, Mr. De Grey, how induſtrious I have been! that long and

luſty range of oaks, extending from this paſture even to the farthermoſt avenue in the next, did I plant with my own hand.—I remember the day when the whole row (containing, perhaps, two hundred ſticks of timber) were ſo many petty acorns not ſo big as a walnut; and ſee, only ſee how they have ſped. I could raiſe a little navy—verily, neighbour, I could fit out a fleet, with a wood of my own raiſing.

Such ideas, I own, are not diſpleaſing, CLEMENT: but they are far from being expanded enough, for *my* emulation; my emulation chooſes a nobler object, and takes a wider courſe. My object, Sir, is not circumſcribed by any thing within the ſcope of *inanimate nature*; and though I could be able to look out upon whole foreſts of my own cultivation, it would not ſatisfy me.

No, Mr. CARLISLE, I have a far *finer* pleaſure. I have it to ſay, that the politeſt gentleman, and the beſt man of his age, was once the child of my inſtruction. He was left by that Heaven, which took to itſelf his natural parents, at an age when gentle treatment makes a parent of any one. I received this dear and delicate truſt from the trembling arm of a dying man, and I value it, as a legacy given me in the moment that the ſoul of a friend was departing. Yes, at ſuch a tender period, was you bequeathed to me, Mr. CARLISLE: my child, LUCIA, was exactly of the ſame age; and you grew together. The beauty of your forms, like the power of your minds, was ſimilar. I can only ſay farther, that nature points out to me none of her nice diſtinctions or partialities. In the hour of your childhood I careſſed you both with the ſame ſenſibility,

bility, and now that you are mature I divide my heart *evenly* between you. But this touch of tranſport hath ſeduced me into a digreſſion. Old folks are, I perceive, on their favourite ſubject, as tireſome in their writing as in their talking; and therefore they have as few correſpondents as hearers. It is time, however, to return to my ſubject.

On looking back at my account-book, my dear Mr. CARLISLE, I find that your birth-day hath gone by almoſt a month. You ſeem to have forgot that it entitles you to the command and ſole diſpoſition of an immenſe fortune. Money was, I am proud to ſay, never a diſputable point with us, except when coercive meaſures were obliged to be taken in order to force upon you a remittance. This, however, by no means exculpates me for detaining what ought

to be in more amiable, as well as more able hands. I reproach myſelf, when I conſider how many cruelties my delay may have been guilty of, Mr. CARLISLE, to thoſe whoſe fortunes *you* have in truſt: methinks, I hear the curſe of the widow, the languiſhing ſigh of ſickneſs, and the murmur of merit in the darkſome vale: I ſee, too, the tears ſtream from the eyes of the fatherleſs—Oh! for Heaven's ſake, my friend, relieve me—reſcue me, inſtantly, from continuing the injury to that part of your family which Providence hath put under your care.

I ſhall, moſt readily, be prepared to render up an ample account of my agency, whenever (and the ſooner the better) you will honour me with your appointment.

Thus

Thus much for *fortune*. I had it in my mind, CLEMENT, to venture a few ſentiments upon *happineſs*, which are, by no means, things incompatible, although they are not often inſeparable. But any thing I could advance on this head is unneceſſary to ſuch a *mind* as your's. With reſpect to your *heart*, I own, I meditated a few words upon *that* ſubject alſo: but I am in great doubt, whether this is the proper point of time to ſpeak to it; yet my propenſity is ſo warm, and the prattling, or rather, at preſent, ſcribbling, old man, is ſo ſtrong, or, to ſpeak more truly, ſo *feeble* in me, that I can ſcarce reſiſt.

The intereſt of your heart muſt naturally, my dear CLEMENT, be of more concern to me than any other that belongs to you. You are exactly at the age when tenderneſs falls with the fulleſt

fulleſt force upon our nature; as you have a form to command love, ſo have you feeling to return it. That ſenſibility, which makes you a parent to the poor, and thoſe accompliſhments which endear you to ſociety, in general, will aſſiſt and even lead to connexions of a ſofter kind. I am afraid, it would border a little upon that impertinence which I would avoid, elſe I ſhould aſk you, in the cordiality of my good wiſhes, whether it is *poſſible* for ſo amiable a man, to have paſſed through *Italy*, and to have reſided in the capital of England, (the very court of female beauty) with an inclination unattached, and paſſions unalarmed. This is too great a paradox for me to credit, even in imagination; and yet, I am *mightily intereſted* in the queſtion and its anſwer. Perhaps you will humour an old friend's *caprices*, and, for once, truſt

him

him (who can be no rival) with a love-ſecret. Suppoſe you were to ſteal an hour from the ſtrange mixture of our preſent family, and ſcribble a line or two on this matter. I diſpatch this by your truſty grey-headed GEOFFREY, who, you know, may be the confident of every meſſage that can come from ſuch a maſter.

I am,

My dear Mr. CARLISLE,

Your moſt perfect friend,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

ROBERT DE GREY.

P. S.

The HEWSONS are juſt what you call them, honeſt, imprudent people, who

who have had the great misfortune to come in for ten thouſand pounds a piece, at a very unlucky criſis. I had the management of their affairs when their whole expectations were bounded by a ſmall annuity; and they ſtill call me Guardian. I wiſh I had influence enough over theſe random wards to perſuade each of them to remain quiet, and be happy, in deſpite of this unſeaſonable windfall. They are here upon a *polite* ſcheme; I heartily wiſh they would go home upon a *prudent* one. This may be the caſe, by and by.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

The Marchioneſs of N. to Captain CARLISLE.

Cruel CARLISLE,

YOU confeſs then that you have written to the deteſted Marquis: you even avow the ſentiments of your letter to him; you own, that they are to *haſten him to England.* But do you think, Sir, I am to be thus treated like a child, and threatened with being chid by that bugbear, *my huſband?* or do you imagine, I will ever allow myſelf to be re-united to him. Prepoſterous expectation! No, Mr. CARLISLE, tho' I am a ſlave to my own paſſions, I will never

never more be a ſlave to thoſe of another! You argue in vain about rights and laws and duties—in vain you urge the maxims of the world, and the cuſtom of nations. I have lived ſo long under the Italian heavens, that I have forgot—utterly forgot—the colder atmophere of cloudy England. I have learned to follow my feelings, and to abhor chains that were forced upon me by paternal authority. You direct me to the ſacred circle of gold upon my fingers; you call it the cæſtus of fidelity. I grew enraged to conſider a man, ſcarce more than twenty, thus coldly argue upon a tender offer of no contemptible paſſion. My *pride* took the alarm, and I tore your epiſtle, and threw the ring from my finger at the ſame time. I ſtampt upon it with indignation. Miſs Lascelles appeared, and, as if you had pre-inſtructed her, ſhe acted upon

the

the occaſion as the very prieſteſs of piety. "Fie, my dear Marchioneſs, (ſaid ſhe, folding her palms together in the true conventicle manner) theſe outrages are ever dreadful, but when they ariſe from ſo bad a *cauſe*, what ſtrength of terms can ſufficiently reprobate them! Conſider the reſerve and decorum of your ſex!—conſider the conſequences!—conſider your character!"

Ah frigid inſolent! is this the mode of Britiſh hoſpitality? Do you *leſſon* thoſe whom you protect? and do you, nevertheleſs, boaſt of your iſland as an aſylum for the wretched, and for the ſtranger? Where are your ſanctuaries for an unhappy woman—where is your courteſy for tenderneſs and the wounded heart in deſpair? But you northern Iſlanders grow upon too frozen

a ſoil to feel the power of ſentiment, which glows nearer to the ſun.

The ſubject muſt be hateful to you, and I will quit it: but, ſtill, Mr. CARLISLE, ſomething is due to my *pride*, whatever is denied to my *paſſion*. I will not ſtay here to be the triumph of thoſe, who have chaſtity becauſe they have not hearts. Miſs LASCELLES hath, of late, aſſumed a language of lofty advice to which I am not accuſtomed. She pities me—ſhe is ſorry—ſhe wiſhes me well—ſhe will do every thing warranted *by diſcretion*—ſhe wiſhes Captain CARLISLE and I had met ſooner. The affair is delicate—ſhe hopes that prudence will prevail.

Ah! CARLISLE, that my extravagance of affection ſhould have reduced me

me to this! Oh! that I could change—Oh! that I could reverſe the paſſion—I would ſacrifice fifty years of my life to hate you.

Ah! what have I ſaid? To what violation of the truth hath my paſſion led me? No, my CARLISLE, no; I would not wiſh to hate you—wretched as I am, I would not even wiſh to love you leſs. Though the agony is extreme, there are moments of tranſport, known only to boſoms like mine, that repay me for it. Hate you—O heavens! what a word! what an idea to mix with that, which dreſſes up the irreſiſtible CARLISLE! Pardon the blottings which are ſtaining this part of my paper. They are made by tears that ſhew at leaſt ſome tincture of virtue. In other circumſtances you ſay it would

have been your pride to have courted the ſoftneſs which is now ſo preſſingly offered. How then is it poſſible *my* eyes ſhould be dry, when I perceive thoſe circumſtances ſo unlikely ever to happen? Yet, I cannot loſe the idea—I cannot diſengage myſelf from the deluſion, though I know it to be no more. Perſiſt then in your virtue, Sir; but deny me not the little gale of pleaſure that blows from fancy. Continue to let me hope—continue to correſpond—only condeſcend to allow me the flattery of thinking I am not hated by the loveliеſt of men, and I will ſuſtain any thing for his ſake. I will remain quiet where I am, and ſit compoſed under the frown of *virtue without temptation*. I will bear the thought of even ſeeing again the Marquis. I will do any thing you would have me, if you will ſtill

continue

continue to ſay you do not utterly execrate me, for a guilt occaſioned by tenderneſs.

The moſt unfortunate

Marchioneſs of N.

LETTER XLVII.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

MY dilemma is even greater than before. The incloſed, from Mr. DE GREY, is even more perplexing than that which you tranſmitted from the Marchioneſs. Both perplex my imagination, in what manner to anſwer them. Mr. DE GREY's reaſon for inquiring into the ſtate of my affections, is, evidently, for fear my return to Prudence Place, (now that his daughter is in the full bloom of her ſenſe and beauty there) ſhould inſpire me with a paſſion that, he knows, would terminate in deſpair; appriſed too as he is of her engagement to Mr. MEDWAY.

It

It is very natural for him to imagine I ſhould fall into this charming temptation; ſo that this is a little generous ſtratagem (under the guiſe of ordinary curioſity) to prevent the mortification, and the miſery in time. Mr. MEDWAY is ſo ſingular a man, that, if he did not conſtantly aſſure me almoſt every time he ſees me, that his paſſion runs before the wind, I ſhould ſcarce credit, that a perſon whom I hardly ever ſaw ſpeak to Miſs DE GREY, ſhould have made ſuch a progreſs in her affections. It is plain, however, now from her *own* conduct, that ſhe is fervently attached; for her addreſs, air, manner, and whole deportment to me, are utterly changed. I am no longer delighted by that lovely affability, which, though playful, was ever corrected by modeſty. She no longer conſults my taſte, which ſhe was wont to flatter, about her dreſs,

dreſs, her ornaments, and ten thouſand innocent trifles, that, nevertheleſs, (trifles as they are) make up the chief endearment of domeſtic ſociety. She ſpeaks in form; her eye is averted; her ſentiments ſound *ſtudied*. We are no longer like CLEMENT and LUCIA, who employed their infant cares in rearing the *ſame bower*. Mr. DE GREY's letter therefore, joined to Mr. MEDWAY's aſſurances, and Miſs DE GREY's behaviour point out to me, pretty plainly, what kind of an anſwer it is proper for me to make to the former. I am ſomewhat conſoled to reflect, that, even in my moſt familiar moments, I never entered flatly into overtures with LUCIA, ſo that I cannot create any uneaſineſs in her boſom upon my account; for, had that been the caſe, her ſenſibility is ſo uncommon, LASCELLES, ſhe would have felt for *my* diſappointment, amidſt

all

all the gaity of her own ſucceſſes. Since *her* heart is happily engaged (if ſhe *thinks* it ſo, it certainly *is* ſo) it now becomes a duty, more than ever, in me, to *conceal* the feelings of *mine*. Whatever be the violence of my paſſion, it has no right to be troubleſome to any other boſom: and I was never able to account for that cowardly conduct, which induces us to embitter the joy of a rival and a miſtreſs becauſe they were more fortunate or happy than ourſelves. Beſide, that ſuch complaints never awaken more than compaſſion which is not deſirable, they aggravate diſappointment till it ruſhes upon diſgrace. But, methinks I hear you retort upon me: "Why trouble *me* with your miſery then, CLEMENT?" Ah LASCELLES, we are not ſuch abſtracted beings as to lock up our ſentiments, either of joy or ſorrow, in abſolute ſolitude. The very thoughts would ſtag-

nate,

nate, by ſuch means. On ſome generous breaſt every man muſt, by the very gravitation of his nature, lean for ſupport in his miſery. Every man culls from the ſpecies his congenial counterpart; and it is as neceſſary to have a friend for our confidence, as a miſtreſs for our tenderneſs. Away with thoſe *miſerly* minds, which feel an avarice even of their nobleſt feelings. Plurality of friendſhips may, perhaps, like plurality of lovers, be inadmiſſible; but, ſurely, it is very poſſible to be fond of one miſtreſs and faithful to one friend, at the ſame time. Oh! Mr. Lascelles, what hourly occaſion is there for one or other of theſe bleſſings! As joys and ſorrows alternately prevail, how ſoothing is the congratulating hand and chearful voice to the one! and the gentle tear, or ſympathizing ſigh to the other! Ah enchanting communication!

communication! without which, even tranſport muſt lie languiſhing at the heart! and in *misfortune* the wretch who is ſeparated from his ſpecies, and ſits looſe to the kindneſs of an individual, ſhall, like a wounded deer, lament his diſaſter without pity, and die forlorn.

With reſpect to the Marchioneſs, I am every way ſo circumſtanced that I am puzzled even to reply to her. It would be too much like affectation, and a kind of male prudery in me to ſay, that, if matters were in another channel, I ſhould not be flattered by this overbearing tide of tenderneſs in ſo beautiful an object. Heaven knows I am not *inſenſible* to the charms of beauty. Something that at this moment preſſes hard upon my heart, convinces me I am not. But ſituated as I am, how is it poſſible to receive ſuch a letter as her laſt without

out diſtreſs? Believe me, LASCELLES, I feel no elation at the compliment of ſo diſtinguiſhed a preference, although I acknowledge the Marchioneſs to be as you ſay, with your favourite Yorick, "amongſt the firſt order of fine forms." I acknowledge too her command over the paſſions: her fire; her eloquence; the delicacy of her ſhape; the dignity of her deportment: yet, I feel nothing but anxiety at her preſent conduct. The reaſon you will ſay, is, my ſecret attachment to *another*. Be it ſo. Yet, were even that barrier removed, I ſhould, I am poſitive, ſtill be unhappy, and not flattered, by the attentions of the charming Marchioneſs. You are an animated man, and no doubt call me a cold-blooded creature! By no means. My paſſions are as lively as they generally are in *any* boſom at my age, but, perhaps, my *taſte of voluptuouſneſs* differs a little

little from the general juvenile idea. I have a great pleaſure in pleaſing *my own mind*: nay, I have a great *intereſt* in ſo doing; whenever I have done wrong, I have always found that the pain reſulting from it, is too heavy to be counterbalanced by the pleaſure which produced it. I have my wayward propenſities as well as another: a whim hath often ſeized me by the heart, and I have at all events indulged it. For *the time*, it was extaſy, and, for ought I can tell, the extaſy was heightened by a ſenſe of the *venture* at which the deed was done. Preſently (and indeed cloſe upon the heel of it) comes the *per contra* of the action, if you will ſuffer me to borrow a term from trade. My frolic being over, memory is commanded, by a power we cannot reſiſt, to *retrace* it; and if in going through the mazes of the paſt I met any thing

wrong, or uneven, againſt the cauſe of that integrity which I profeſs to love, the thorns are from that moment in my boſom, and for ſo much mirth, I am rewarded ſeven-fold in miſery. I am ſo conſtructed that I can no more ſtand againſt the rebuff of a bluſh on my own cheek than againſt the thunder of a cannon: the ſigh which my weakneſs may at any time have extorted from another boſom, agonizes my own; and a tear, which I once, very undeſignedly, drew from an innocent creature, haunts me from place to place, and the precious drop, for it was wrung from the eyes of *Lucia*, is ſtill trembling in my imagination.

I have enlarged upon this ſubject, becauſe my behaviour might want (to your fancy) an apology. That people do not all act on the ſame principle, is, becauſe

becauſe they do not all analyze the real cauſe of that anguiſh which ſo often treads upon pleaſure. There is, methinks, one ſimple law, that comprizes all the wiſdom of the prophets, and all the ſagacity of philoſophers: I feel it better than I can deſcribe it; but to give you ſome idea of it, I ſhall juſt lay it down as a note, that, whenever a man is upon the edge of an enjoyment, (let it relate to whatever part of indulgence it may) he has only to conſider, whether it will not, ſooner or latter, be returned by *more* than an equal miſery: if, however, even the proſpect of *greater pain* does not deter, let him hazard the joy: then while the *actual agony* is full upon him, let him again compare the *actual pleaſure:* after this, his heart muſt be very perverſe, and his head very much intoxicated, if for the future his pleaſures are not ſuch as will not

hurt him after they are over. Innocent pleaſures are, indeed, *never* over: they ſpring directly from the ſoul; and like that, they are immortal. Like mercy too, they are "twice bleſt:" they delight us while they are acting, and conſcience makes them ſacred in reflection.

It is upon this principle I am proceeding with regard to AUGUSTA. She is the wife of a man to whom I had the honour to tender what he reckoned an obligation. This makes his property more eſpecially ſacred to me. She is, alſo, the wife of a man whom, notwithſtanding the roughneſs of his manners, I believe to be valuable. She is *in truſt*—In ſhort ſhe is every thing that ſhe ſhould *not be* to make a miſtreſs of; and as I told you before, my *taſte of voluptuouſneſs* muſt have the preſent

ſent circumſtances wholly inverted — that is to ſay—ſhe muſt be unmarried, and *averſe* to marriage; unconnected, and unclaimed in the way of connexion, and I, unattached too—before I could congratulate myſelf upon the conqueſt of this flower of Italy.

Yet, till the Marquis comes, for Heaven's ſake uſe every method to ſoothe, and quiet her: do not adviſe your ſiſter to oppoſe her in the heat of her ſentiments. She is too furious for admonition. Her imagination is too much in its hey-dey. Her paſſions will die of themſelves; and ſhe will conſolidate perhaps, after all, into a regular character. Her ſituation with you is ſo very delicate, that I know your ſiſter is in a dilemma; but ſtill, AUGUSTA has many virtues. I have ſeen a thouſand inſtances of her benevolence:

the Italian peaſants bleſs her door, and kiſs the very threſhold of it, becauſe imprinted by her footſteps. She is at this time under the influence of *Fancy*; it is a ſort of feveriſh fit that attacks ſmartly at firſt, and will away again. The handſome creature is but juſt touching nineteen. She is a child, my dear LASCELLES, and this truant diſpoſition is a trick of the leading ſtring: without parents and of a vigorous imagination, ſhe is yet, as to human life, in the nurſery. No more, my friend—think not of her as of one abandoned: that is not the caſe. As to her glowing language, let not that diſpleaſe your ſiſter, though unaccuſtomed to her ear. The Italian women know nothing of that reſerve and pathetic baſhfulneſs, which guards the expreſſions of the Britiſh fair. They ſpeak freely and flowingly—the Marchioneſs adds to the cuſtom,

cuſtom, even the ardours of *conſtitution*. But, indeed, ſhe is not a baſe character—Once it is ſaid the Marquis in his violence ſtruck her. Her pride was hurt. She thought it beneath the dignity of the man who had figured at the front of an army—ſhe never forgave it—'twas wrong. But who hath not a fault to be forgiven? Farewell. I have written myſelf into ſome compoſure, and that will plead my excuſe for having ſo long intruded.

I am your's,

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

Miſs DE GREY to Miſs LASCELLES.

SURELY every day is commiſſioned to preſent ſome new myſtery, and no hour decreed to unfold or explain it! My father whiſpered, as I ſat at dinner yeſterday, that he had a little private converſation for me, and would contrive an opportunity very ſoon to chat with me. You know his method of treating his children, CAROLINE. Towards the cloſe of the evening (when Lord and Lady BLESSINGBOURNE were airing, Mrs. HEWSON at her looking-glaſs, where ſhe is practiſing breeding, Mr. MEDWAY at the river

river with his fiſhing-rod, and Mr. CARLISLE at his writing-deſk) we found the leiſure we wanted, and walked into the garden together. We will ſettle a little while in this very bower, my dear, ſays my father: 'tis as pretty and cooling as any in the garden.

Oh, CAROLINE, it was the bower of CLEMENT and LUCIA!

Yes, Sir, replied I; it is very pretty and cooling, indeed.

I ſuppoſe, LUCIA, your fellow-labourer who helped to make it has not paid it a viſit ſince his return. Such humble ſhades muſt yield to the ſpices of Italy. He has, to be ſure, forgot an arbour of mere Engliſh hawthorns and woodbines.

I — I — believe he has, Sir.

A-propos,

A-propos, LUCIA, do you hold in the ſame mind ſtill? Do you ſtill think him the *incomparable* CARLISLE? Prudence Place can boaſt juſt at preſent, *ſeveral* brilliant men. We have the laughter-loving Sir ANDREW, of a very agreeable perſon. We have the manly Mr. MEDWAY, odd, but amiable. Putting theſe both againſt Mr. CARLISLE, is he ſtill the *ſuperlative* degree? There are two to one LUCIA. What ſay you?

I believe they have all their merit, Sir.

But is their merit perfectly equal in *your* opinion, my dear?

As to that, Sir, I—ſhould ſuppoſe—no doubt—that is—in ſhort, Sir, as I have not known them all the ſame time—

as

as one can judge more of intimates than caſual acquaintances—

You prefer CLEMENT, I ſuppoſe?

I have known him the longeſt, Sir.

MEDWAY, my dear, has great connexions.

Sir?

Sir ANDREW has good humour, and will be heir to Lord BLESSINGBOURNE.

Sir ——?

But CARLISLE is the more accompliſhed gentleman.

Moſt certainly he is, Sir, *beyond compariſon.*

Do

Do you think *beyond compariſon*, LUCIA?

Sir——?

I ſay, my dear LUCIA, do you really think—that—that?

Bleſs me, Sir, how faint the air gets when the breeze falls, at this ſeaſon of the year———

Yonder comes GEOFFRY.

From Mr. CARLISLE; perhaps upon private buſineſs—I will, if you pleaſe, withdraw, Sir.

If the heat is troubleſome, pray do, my dear.

Very troubleſome, indeed, Sir—Lord bleſs me! there is not a breath of wind.

As

As ſure as can be, there is a tempeſt in the ſkies.

Thus ended our dialogue—What does it mean, CAROLINE? I never was more confuſed in my life. What could old GEOFFRY be coming for? The old fellow, who only wiſhes himſelf young again to diſpatch with more haſte the commands of his maſter, quite ran on the occaſion.

On my return into the houſe, I met Mr. MEDWAY with an handkerchief full of fiſh, and in the higheſt degree pleaſedwith his ſucceſs. By way of courteſy *en paſſant*, I told him, he muſt certainly carry a *charm* about him to attract ſo many fiſh out of the water in ſo little a time. Upon which he caught hold of my wriſt, and, after looking round the

room to ſee if any body was preſent—huſh—huſh—for God's ſake, child—walls have eyes—and worms have ears, as I always told you.

From this, and ſome other ſtrange things, I have ſeen in this man, I am convinced his head is not exactly as it ſhould be.

Not a view of CARLISLE all this morning ſince breakfaſt. No ſollicitation to ſing, to touch the guittar, to walk in the garden, to count the fruit, to read Pope, to—to—to—

It is very barbarous he ſhould all at once take ſuch a diſlike to me!

I wiſh Italy had been far enough before he had ſeen it. Pray, my dear, are

are the ladies ſo *very* beautiful in that country? Towards *Rome* for inſtance! I have been looking into my father's library for a ſort of *hiſtory*, and *manners* of that country. Not, indeed, that I am concerned in the matter; but yet, if any thing of this kind happens to fall in your way, you may purchaſe and ſend it me by the firſt conveyance.

LUCIA DE GREY.

P. S.

Lord B. ſets out this evening from our *Place* to his ſeat in Shropſhire. Sir

ANDREW continues with us, on purpose to teaze the silly HEWSONS. MEDWAY is to be mad with us all the season.

LETTER XLIX.

Lord BLESSINGBOURNE to Mr. DE GREY.

Blessingbourne Abbey.

Sir,

WE got, without mischance, to the Abbey. I beg to know whether you have considered the subject we discoursed upon. Sir ANDREW is no mean match, Mr. DE GREY. He will, one day, be Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE, for which change of his name, I have a peremptory command in my Will. If you send me word *you* are satisfied as to the matter, I will transmit directions for him to think more *particularly* of the young Lady, whose good qualities

my Lady and I have determined within ourſelves to be equivalent to want of title, and that is certainly ſaying a great deal. Sir ANDREW is worthy, though he is too great a laugher, and he will make a good huſband. Your offer of forty thouſand pounds with Miſs DE GREY is liberal: half that with a coronet would be ſufficient. However, if there are honours on one ſide, it reflects dignity on both. If ſhe marries Sir ANDREW ſhe ſtands a chance of being a Counteſs; to which brilliant probability I will add the fellow ſum to your's down, two thouſand pounds worth of diamonds; a thouſand pounds for a wedding dinner, and the handſomeſt ſet of cream-colours, with ſilver trappings, and the BLESSINGBOURNE creſt engraven thereon. I have the honour

nour to encloſe for you the ſalutations of the Counteſs, and to be,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient

Very humble Servant,

BLESSINGBOURNE.

LETTER

LETTER L.

Captain CARLISLE to R. DE GREY, Esq.

My fatherly Guardian,

To shew my esteem for your *mode* of conveying your last sentiments, I *adopt* it. To imitate, is to admire. Many parts of your favour went quite home to the seat of the tendereſt sensations; particularly where you discover to me, in a style peculiar to your pen, that regard, which has ever been the most distinguished honour and blessing of my life.

All your questions have a claim upon my answer, and upon my sincerity.

You

You addreſs me on a delicate ſubject. I ſee, plainly, how much my happineſs, in every ſtate of my life, is at your heart. Of the conjugal connexion, I think with veneration and ſenſibility; but I am exceedingly *young*, and ſhall, in all probability, gain a little more domeſtic knowledge, and of that prudence which belongs *to family*, before I change my condition. Whenever there is the ſmalleſt proſpect of this happening, it cannot be long a ſecret out of Mr. De Grey's boſom.

I am ever his own,

Clement Carlisle.

P. S.

I had almoſt forgotten to mention the money-affair. It is not poſſible for

for the poor to want a friend or an inſtructor while Mr. De Grey is at Prudence Place; and if the charge of my fortune is not abſolutely troubleſome to him, there is no bank wherein it can lie with ſo much ſatisfaction to me.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

Mr. LASCELLES to Captain CARLISLE.

How pitiable it is, my dear CARLISLE, that you ſhould be ſo circumſtanced as to find it utterly impoſſible to return the extatic fondneſs of this bewitching woman! She is abſolutely an angel. Some new dreſſes have lately been put on, and ſhe ſets them off with ſuch an elegance, ſuch a taſte, ſuch a *naiveté*, it is impoſſible to look at her without an ejaculation of pleaſure and admiration. Allowing all your arguments their full force, I muſt ſtill confeſs, there is a ſomething cold and icy about *your* heart, that cannot be melted

melted by ſuch a blaze of beauty—eſpecially as the lady is ſo perfectly *willing*, and not at all unreaſonably *nice*. She loves your perſon well enough to take it on *your own terms*: ſhe does not pretend to capitulate: the citadel is your own, and you may do what *you will* with it. Oh—ſaid ſhe, the other day (while the tears were ſtreaming from her lovely eyes)—oh, that I could ſee him but *one* moment in *every* day, I would be content with annihilation for the reſt of the twenty-four hours. By Heavens, CARLISLE, if any woman half ſo beautiful had avowed ſuch a ſentiment in *my* favour, I would have ſhewn my gratitude for it at the price of my exiſtence—but you, on the contrary, though as virtuous as a ſaint, are as frigid as a Freezelander. I queſtion whether you ever approached the lips

lips of this lovely one ſince they firſt declared a paſſion for you. It requires, I confeſs, all the elaborate excuſes you have made, to wipe off the imputation of an inſenſible; and even after all your pains, I freely tell you, that I think you are too ſcrupulous upon this occaſion. I ſpeak frankly, out of pity to the Marchioneſs, and for *your pleaſure*. Admitting your paſſion for Miſs De Grey to be ever ſo great, what, I wonder, has *that* to do with a ſnug convenient beauty, by way of, *my friend in a corner*, at another quarter of the world? Your notions are abſolutely antediluvian. I do not know another man in the world, who would not *leap* at your ſituation. In the name of pleaſure then, make the beſt of it! I thought at firſt as you do, but I ſpeak now upon mature deliberation. There is no doubt but the Marchioneſs would change her name,

live quietly in the place you provide for her, be happy as if in Heaven to get a ſight of you once a fortnight, and there would be an end of the thing. Do then, let me adviſe you, put a period to theſe complaints, open the cage of the beautiful priſoner, and ſet the pretty little heart, that is now beating as it were at the wires till it pants again, perfectly at eaſe. It is with great difficulty I keep her from writing to you every day. The idea of the Marquis ſets her already raving; but I cannot by any means draw from her, nor can my ſiſter, any account of her family, ſuppoſed to be in town. She ſays, they would force her again to the arms of the deteſted Marquis. But I have propoſed a proper ſalvo for all thoſe ſores, and, if you have the leaſt lively ſpark of the young man, or of merry human nature

nature in you, you will not neglect it. Compliments to our friend Sir ANDREW.

Adieu,

G. LASCELLES.

LETTER LII.

Captain CARLISLE to G. LASCELLES, Esq.

YOUR letter has not been an hour in my hand, and, although my heart was full of *other* matter, I have now neither ear nor pen for any thing but an anſwer to it. Do you know, in the firſt place, that I looked at your ſeal, and at your ſuperſcription, and at the very *cut of your letters*, before I would credit the thing to be your's? In this age of *forgery*, I was in good hope, ſomebody had made free with my friend. But as it appears that the letter did abſolutely proceed from *you*, *I* muſt proceed to an explicit reply.

Make

Make a proſtitute of the poor girl, Mr. LASCELLES? Seek out a convenient apartment, and compel the charming eyes, which you ſay *now* weep with love, grow wild with the ſparklings of rage and deſpair? What, Sir, would you wiſh me to ſeclude her from all valuable ſociety, and to ſink her from a Marchioneſs of the firſt figure and faſhion, to a mere miſtreſs—from a young, elegant woman, to a ſcorned, abandoned daughter of the brothel! Is this the method in which you would have me return my compliment, for a long, a weary, an hapleſs, and an unfortunate journey of a thouſand miles? However miſplaced the affection ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow upon me, and however impoſſible it is for me to reward it, I am ſtill bound to her even for her very misfortune. It is my *fate*, and not *me*, that declines what, in ſome

caſes, might have been my greateſt bleſſing. Surely, Mr. Lascelles, I owe her gratitude of a very different complexion from that bluſhleſs one, you recommend. My heart bleeds for her. From *me* ſhe ſhould claim an attentive anxiety how to *recompenſe* the throbbings in her boſom; the moſt induſtrious care to reconcile her again to her huſband, to contrive means of healing up any breach, which my unfortunate acquaintance with that gentleman may have occaſioned. Theſe are the ſervices ſhe ſhould expect from me, and to offer theſe is at once my ſtudy, and my effort. But I will not believe you ſerious; or, if you are, your compaſſion has hurried you into a precipitancy, that only wants ſhewing you, to be repented of.

This,

This, my dear LASCELLES, is aſſuredly the caſe. Beſides which, depend upon it, you have *miſtaken* the Marchioneſs. She could not ſtoop to the ignominious terms you have propoſed to me for her. If ſhe *really* loves, there muſt be ſome degree of refinement in the partiality; and believe me, LASCELLES, many a woman has felt a ſecret predilection in favour of a man, who would ſtart with horror from an act of *predetermined* perfidy. If it were not for the appearance of an implied compliment to *myſelf*, I ſhould not at all ſcruple to ſay, I believe, any partiality, AUGUSTA may have, unluckily, conceived in my favour, proceeds, wholly, from ſome imaginary *virtues* which ſhe is pleaſed to think I poſſeſs. I dare ſwear ſhe is taken by certain qualities in your friend, which (as *ſhe* has enriched and magnified

fied them) appear to *her* deſerving eſteem. Upon *this* principle, you have, indeed, propoſed an *effectual plan* for making her *deteſt* me. To diſcolour the image ſhe has flatteringly dreſſed up, by placing in its ſtead a ſeducer and ingrate, might perhaps prove a ſucceſsful remedy: but this, my dear LASCELLES, would be purchaſing averſion more fatally than any thing that can reaſonably ariſe out of the partiality itſelf. No, no, my friend.

Enough however has been urged: you are convinced, and, therefore, you are dear as you ever were, to

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

P. S.

Sir ANDREW returns your devoir. He is as merry as ridicule can make him;

him; his preſent objects, now his uncle is gone, are two fooliſh bumpkin brothers, and a handſome ſimpleton of a wife to one of them.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.